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Atoms Into Plowshares

In Color: Easter Pageant

Federal Aid for Colleges?

Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families April 1961

Philip Embury preaching—as dramatized in a recent pageant at old John Street Church, New York.

Barbara He

"PHILIP, you must preach to us, or we shall a
go to hell together..."

It was 1766 in Old New York. Back in Irelan
Mrs. Barbara Heck had belonged to a Wesleya
Society. Philip Embury, a carpenter, had been
local preacher there—but for six years he had bee
silent while their little band of Irish-German imm
grants (descendants of persecuted Rhineland Pal

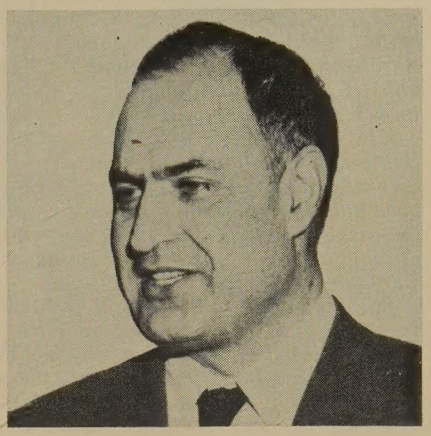
r. Will Herberg Is Tippett Lecturer

r. Will Herberg, professor of Judaic lies and social philosophy at Drew versity, Madison, New Jersey, will ver the sixth annual Bishop Donald Tippett Lecture at the University of Pacific in Stockton at 10:30 a.m. urday, April 8.

Prominent writer and popular lecturer in two fields, social research and theology, Dr. Herberg will speak on *Religious Revival and Moral Crisis in Present Day America.* His outstanding books, including *Judaish and Modern Man* and *Protestant-Catholic-Jew: An Essay in American Religious Thought,* place him in the front rank of American theologians. He has lectured and conducted seminars at more than a dozen great universities. He earned his Ph.D. degree at Columbia University and holds honorary Doctor of Laws and Doctor of Literature degrees.

Founded through the leadership of Bishop Tippett, the annual lectures explore any topic related to the basic subject, religious perspectives in higher education.

The lecture is open to the public without charge for admission. Managed by the Faculty Christian Fellowship at Pacific, the event will bring college teachers from throughout California for special seminar sessions in addition to the general lecture.



Dr. Will Herberg

'THANK YOU' FROM BISHOP

From their home in Berkeley, where his convalescense after double and difficult surgery is progressing satisfactorily if slowly, Bishop and Mrs. Donald H. Tippett wish to return their warmest greetings to hundreds of friends throughout America and the world around, who have remembered them during these difficult weeks. According to the schedule prescribed by his physicians, it will be at least another month before the bishop may begin to return to his regular and intensive routines.

ary Alice Jones Meets o Explore Child Faith

Headed by Dr. Mary Alice Jones of shville, five regional meetings are eduled in the California-Nevada Conence during May, for *Exploring the ristian Faith With Our Children.*

Dr. Jones is director of the department Christian Education of Children for General Board of Education of The thodist Church. For 16 years she was ector of children's work for the Interional Council of Religious Education. thor of a score of religious books and ts, she was children's book editor for nd McNally and Company for five rs. She prepares scripts for experintal religious education programs for ldren released by NBC, Chicago. Sevl lectureships and visiting professorps have been assigned to her at leading iversities and seminaries.

All persons interested in children's work invited to participate in any of the e meetings: Chico, May 14, Sacramento, ay 15; Fresno, May 17; San Jose, May ; and Santa Rosa, May 21. In addition this schedule, 40 selected "leaders of aders" are being invited to confer with . Jones, May 11-13 at White Sulphur rings, to examine the church's ministry children.

Dr. Mary Alice Jones

Attention, Hymn Writers

The Hymnal Revision Committee of the Commission on Worship of The Methodist Church is carrying out the directive of the 1960 General Conference to revise the church's Hymnal.

The committee is receiving manuscripts of new hymn texts and tunes.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Methodist Hymnal Revision Committee, the Rev. Carlton R. Young, editor, The Methodist Publishing House, 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville 3, Tennessee.

All manuscripts will be acknowledged, but none will be returned unless accompanied by return postage.

Lovelace Hymn Festivals Slated for Three Districts

A series of Hymn Festivals directed by Dr. Austin Lovelace of Chicago is expected to draw large audiences of laymen and ministers to First Church, Oakland, March 19; First Church, Fresno, March 20; and First Church, Sacramento, March 21. "Invocation time" for all three festivals is 7:30 p.m.

The programs will feature congregational hymn singing directed by Dr. Lovelace, his address on *Hymns for Methodists,* and performances of some of his outstanding choral compositions by choirs of the host churches. At Oakland and Fresno discussion sessions will follow the festival program.

A rising young composer, director, and organist, Dr. Lovelace is professor of church music at Garrett Biblical Institute and organist- director for the famed First Methodist Church of Evanston, Ill. He was first president of the National Fellowship of Methodist Musicians.

A project of the Conference Commission on Worship, with the Rev. Virgil Jackson, chairman, the hymn festivals are under the general direction of Dr. Walter T. Swearengin, associate pastor and minister of music at First Church, San Leandro. "Most of us consider Dr. Lovelace the outstanding hymnodist in the church," Dr. Swearengin said. "Those of us who know him are buying much of his choral composition, some of the finest, most useful material now available for the church choir."

The series of festivals is presented without fee and open to all. Only a voluntary offering will be received.

A-7

arbara Heck, the former Barbara Ruckle of ... visit Barbara and her farm home on pages 7&8.

Vocations Conference Scheduled for April 7-8

The California-Nevada Conference will hold its annual Church Related Vocations Conference at the Laurel Methodist Church in Oakland, April 7-8, 1961. The speaker will be the Rev. Richard H. Fitch, minister of First Church, Hayward, according to the announcement of Heidi Kawauchi, general publicity chairman for the conference.

Planned primarily as a serious study conference, the sermons are especially for high-school juniors who are considering church-related vocations and desire more information about them, and those who are interested in making any vocation a Christian vocation.

An adult leader representing each of these fields of service will speak briefly about them: the ministry, missions, Christian education, religious education, music, nursing, medicine, social service, deaconess service, Goodwill Industries, architecture, engineering, radio-TV-journalism, secretarial skills, YMCA leadership, and military chaplaincy. Every high-school junior or senior interested is encouraged to attend this conference in Oakland. Forms for advance registration are available from the Conference Youth Office, P. O. Box 467, San Francisco 1. The conference fee is $4.75.

A Case Study In Human Relations

The public bulletin board at the Tiburon Peninsula Shopping Center recently displayed this letter:

"To the Parents of a Junior Rock Hound:

"My wife and I are also rock hounds and our back yard used to be loaded with rocks from 10 states.

"About two weeks ago this new collector, a boy from 7 to 10 years old, appeared while we were at work and staked a claim in our back yard. He has been working the claim every other day.

"He is a systematic worker who brings with him a paper bag for transporting his loot. Occasionally danger must have alarmed him as he has left a partially filled bag behind him.

"Incidentally, he has almost exhausted the diggings. If you suddenly have more small rocks in your yard than before, would you explain to the little fellow that rock hounding is handled in a little different manner. . . . (As I look back over my own rock acquiring I am not sure that I have always followed this advice.)

"Also won't you please return about 100 pounds of my rocks sometime when I'm not looking. I am not mad at anyone, but I would like my rocks back."

Writer of the understanding note is Earle R. Koeble of the San Rafael Church and member of the business office staff of the California-Nevada Conference at San Francisco headquarters. The proof of his prose: the rocks returned.

Saeu Leau of Samoa.

Coed Returns to Samoa

Miss Saeu Leau, Samoan coed, who completed her degree requirements at San Francisco State College asked Temple Methodist Church to forward her letter of membership to the Methodist church at Fagatogo, Samoa, before she returned there in February.

Church membership as well as her teacher education, are among her most valued achievements during her four-year state-side adventure. Saeu came to San Francisco in 1957 from her home in Pago Pago, American Samoa.

Two years at City College and two years at State, and she was ready for the job awaiting her in the government demonstration school at Utulei. Her first intent was to prepare for nursing, but like many another undergraduate she switched plans in mid-passage, turning to the education field.

Saeu's entre to church life came through Mrs. M. J. Cullen, Temple member, in whose home she had been living. Quickly Saeu became active in the Wesley Fellowship of State College students, became an officer in the group, and for the first time joined a Christian church.

One of the 12 children of Mr. and Mrs. Saipele Leau of Samoa, Saeu has three brothers in California. She bid them good-by, along with her many friends of church and college, when she boarded a plane, Pago Pago bound. Saeu considers her years here wonderful but declared she was happy to be going home.

Fallon Methodist Rodeo Will Be Held April 29

The third annual Methodist Rodeo at Fallon, Nevada, is set for Saturday, April 29. Easily one of the most unusual events in western Methodism, the big show is managed by the Men's Club of Epworth Church. It has become one of the outstanding community occasions of the year, and has helped to finance several developments in the plant and community services of Epworth.

The main event for the 1961 rodeo is a world champion cutting horse contest, offering the largest prize for a one-day show, $1,000 to the winner plus a cut of the purse. This event alone will bring horsemen from all over the West. Other events: Nevada championship amateur bronco ride, exhibition of sheep dogs in action, girls' barrel race, etc. Admission to the rodeo includes all you can eat at a real western barbecue, where the ladies of the church get into the act. But you can't buy a beer at this Methodist rodeo!

Western Horsemen will feature the rodeo in a spring issue. The Reno TV station will put cutting horses and riders on the air. Methodist Men in Reno and Sparks are helping in the ticket sales.

Nevada Council Meets

The Rev. Joseph H. Pritchard, pastor of Epworth Church, Fallon, and president of the Nevada Council of Churches, presided in January at the fifth annual Legislative Seminar at Carson City, a statewide conclave sponsored by the council. Alcoholism, prison management, and race relations in Nevada were studied. Governor Grant Sawyer headed the list of speakers. Chairman of the seminar was the Rev. Clyde E. Teel, pastor of First Church, Carson City.

The annual meeting of the council followed the legislative seminar. In the annual report submitted by president Pritchard is reference to a continuing study by the council on the effects of legalized gambling in Nevada.

PSR Alumni Elect

The Rev. Roman F. (Bill) Winkelman, minister of the Millbrae Church, was re-elected president of the alumni association of Pacific School of Religion February 8. A recent issue of the San Francisco Area News Edition of TOGETHER erroneously named the Rev. James Corson of Sacramento in this post. Corson heads a Sacramento Area group of Methodist alumni of the school.

Among those named to the PSR alumni council are the Rev. Herbert C. Hirschfeld of the Alamo Church, the Rev. Gerald Lowe of St. Luke's Church in Richmond, and William Porter, Wesley Foundation director in Berkeley.

APRIL, 1961 Vol. 5, No. 4
TOGETHER is an official organ of The Methodist Church, issued monthly by the Methodist Publishing House, 201 Eighth Avenue South, Nashville 3, Tenn. Publisher: Lovick Pierce.

San Francisco Area—Bishop Donald H. Tippett. Area Edition Editor—Arthur Farey, 83 McAllister Street (mail to P.O. Box 467), San Francisco 1, Calif.

Subscriptions: Order through local Methodist Church. Basic rate under All-Family Plan is 65¢ per quarter ($2.60 per year) billed to church directly from Nashville, Tenn.; thirty per cent of church membership must be represented to qualify. Rate under Club Plan is $3.20 per year per subscription; ten per cent of church members must be represented in order to qualify. Individuals may order subscriptions at $4.00 per year in advance. Single copy price, 50¢.

Second-class postage has been paid in Nashville, Tenn.

Together / April 1961

Indonesian Families

Tool and die maker William Sausele, formerly of Dutch Indonesia, will soon start work in a new manufacturing enterprise at Hollister, a plant to build crop dusting airplanes being started by John Weatherby, member of the Hollister Methodist Church.

Mr. Sausele, his wife Henie, and their daughters, Judy and Joan, were brought to the community by the church in October, and have made a wonderful adjustment, according to pastor David Wolf. More than 50 members of the church helped to prepare a new home for the displaced family, and hope they will never be displaced again. The project was directed by Mr. and Mrs. Don Peterson, chairmen of the Missions Commission, and Mrs. Al Pendleton.

The *Hub* of the Hillsdale Church reported in February fund raising directed by the Couples Club to assist the Dutch-Indonesian family, the Wielandts, soon to arrive in the community.

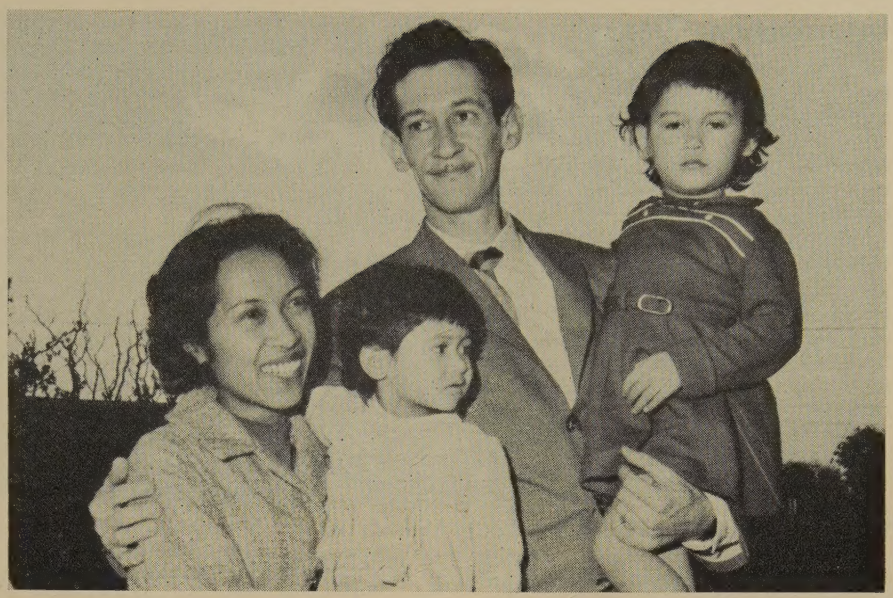
The Dutch Indonesian Pieter C. Menting family, third refugee family sponsored by Methodist Men of First Church, Palo Alto, were scheduled to arrive in February. This is the seventh such family sponsored in a new life by various members and organizations of the church.

Christian Social Concerns Studied by Area Churches

Several churches are recruiting outstanding community leadership to present serious consideration of Christian social concerns. A School of Alcohol Studies at First Church, Santa Rosa, during January was staffed by Chief of Police Melvin Flohr, internal medicine specialist Dr. Stanford Hampton, psychiatric social worker Josephine Deyo, and Neil Hawkins, member of the church just returned from service with the U. S. Marines.

A series of four February seminars on the United Nations at First Church, Palo Alto, presented Dr. Harold Fisher, chairman emeritus of the Hoover Institute at Stanford; Dr. Albert Rasmussen, PSR professor; William Winter, noted broadcast commentator and analyst; and Dr. Francis Scott Smyth, University of California professor of pediatrics.

Another recent creative church approach to the understanding of social problems was marked by First Church, Oakland, in February when the Commission on Christian Social Concerns sponsored a meeting bringing together representatives of other such groups from two Negro, two Caucasian, one Chinese, one Japanese, and one Korean church. Said the *Mirror* of First Church, "The principle objective of this meeting, first of its kind in the East Bay, is to exchange ideas for improving the effectiveness of all such organizations, and to seek ways of advancing their common cause on a cooperative and intercultural front."



Dutch-Indonesian-American family Sausele.

Creative Mission Study

A three-day Institute of Missions drew high interest during January at First Church, Burlingame. It was opened on Sunday morning by missionary addresses at the two services of worship by Dr. Kenneth Adams, superintendent of the Sacramento District. At a Sunday evening supper gathering youth groups heard the Rev. Calvin D. McConnell of the Wesley Foundation at Palo Alto.

This was followed by a dramatic presentation, under the professional direction of John Rose, an adaptation from *Cry the Beloved Country*. Several members of neighboring colored churches participated in the famed story of racial travail in South Africa. Dr. John R. Bodo, of the San Anselmo Theological seminary, was presented by Methodist Men on Monday evening. The final address, at a Tuesday evening church night dinner, was presented by George Atkinson, who had just returned from the annual meeting of the Division on Missions at Buck Hill Falls, Pa.

Alcohol Legislation

Operation Sacramento, first in a series of communiques issued by the Rev. Wilbur A. Korfhage, Sacramento legislative advocate for the California Council on Alcohol Problems, has been mailed to all churches of the Conference. It discusses Assembly bill No. 79, the Presumptive Evidence Bill, which reads, in part: "If there was 0.15 per cent or more by weight of alcohol in the defendant's blood, it shall be assumed that the defendant was under the influence of intoxicating liquor . . ."

"For the ordinary person," Korfhage says, "this would indicate that between six and ten drinks had been consumed within an hour of the analysis." He adds, "We expect to support stronger bills—should have one reading .05 per cent."

Of the 40 members of the California Senate, *Operation Sacramento* says that 12 are Roman Catholic, 5 are Episcopalian, 4 each are Methodist and Presbyterian, 2 are Unitarian, 3 are Congregationalist, 1 each are of the Christian and Serbian Orthodox churches, 1 calls himself "Methodist-Presbyeterian," another "Protestant," and 7 have "no choice."

The Methodist senators: Albert S. Rodda, District 19, Sacramento County; Robert D. Williams, District 27, Kings County; Walter M. Stiern, District 34, Kings County; and John A. Murdy, Jr., District 35, Orange County.

Dynamic Chapel Services

Creatively designed worship services at the Morris Chapel give University of the Pacific students training in the meaningful use of liturgy. The fine arts and great ritual literature are freely used in the worship experience.

For a January ecumenical service of holy communion each worshiper was supplied with a printed commentary in explanation of each of the steps in the dynamic worship sequence: the joyful hymn of praise, the statement of the corporate action to be celebrated, the prayer acknowledging man's inability to conceal anything from God, the thanksgiving of the *Gloria Patri,* the confessional man's falling-short, the bringing of the Bible to the lectern and the reading from the Old and the New Covenants; the sermon commentary on the substance of the liturgy, the communal faith of Christ followers expressed as a credo, the placing of the communion elements on the altar, the ritual of the Eucharist, the presentation of the bread and the wine as efficacious symbols of the living Christ present to feed his people, and of his forgiveness.

Counseled by Robert H. Stewart, chaplain and director of religious life, the services are planned and presented by student groups.

Barbara Heck, the former Barbara Ruckle of visit Barbara and her farm home on pages 70-73.

Information, Please

The opening of a Methodist Information Center for the churches of Alameda and Oakland Wesley Center, Oakland, was announced in the *Bay View District Newsletter* for January. An office has been equipped, phone installed, and secretarial help assigned.

When not handling incoming calls, the staff will be conducting continuing telephone surveys of various sections of the metropolitan area. All of the Methodist churches in the area covered by the Oakland telephone directory will be listed in a display advertisement in the new directory.

This co-ordination and the results which it may demonstrate will be observed with interest by several of our multi-church cities in the California-Nevada Conference and the San Francisco Area. Churches of the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference are also represented by the Information Center and in the unified advertisement.

Epworth Co-minglers

A group of active, single, employed people have found within the church the right opportunity for the high-spirited, Christian fun and fellowship which they need. They are the "Co-minglers" of Epworth Church, Berkeley.

According to the report of Mrs. E. M. Kendall, "Many of us think this group is one of the most successful in the church. They are keenly awake, up and coming, and do not intend to let life pass them by."

The two-year-old fellowship claims 55 members and an average attendance of 40 for a schedule of at-the-church dinners, theater parties for productions such as *Skin of Our Teeth* as staged at the San Francisco Theological Seminary, and weekend outings to the Conference camp and Conference grounds at White Sulphur Springs.

A more exciting report: "Several marriages have resulted with the minister of the church (the Rev. Paul I. Irwin) officiating."

Vital Statistics

The following figures were released recently by the General Board of Evangelism in Nashville, one section of a quick scanning by conferences of Methodist membership figures, growth in relation to population, members received on confession of faith, and totally inactive members lost by quarterly conference action removing their names from local church rolls:

State of California

Population 1960	15,537,413
Population 1950	10,568,233
Net Increase	4,951,190
Per Cent Increase	46.8

California-Nevada Conference

Membership 1960	119,612
Membership 1950	89,607
Net Increase	30,005
Per Cent Increase	33.5
Membership 1960	119,612
Membership 1956	105,787
Quadrennium Increase	13,825
Per Cent Quad. Increase	13.0
Membership 1960	119,612
Membership 1959	117,018
Year's Increase	2,594
Per Cent Increase	2.2

Received Profession of Faith 1960, 6,834.

Number Persons Required to Win One Profession of Faith in 1960, 17.1.

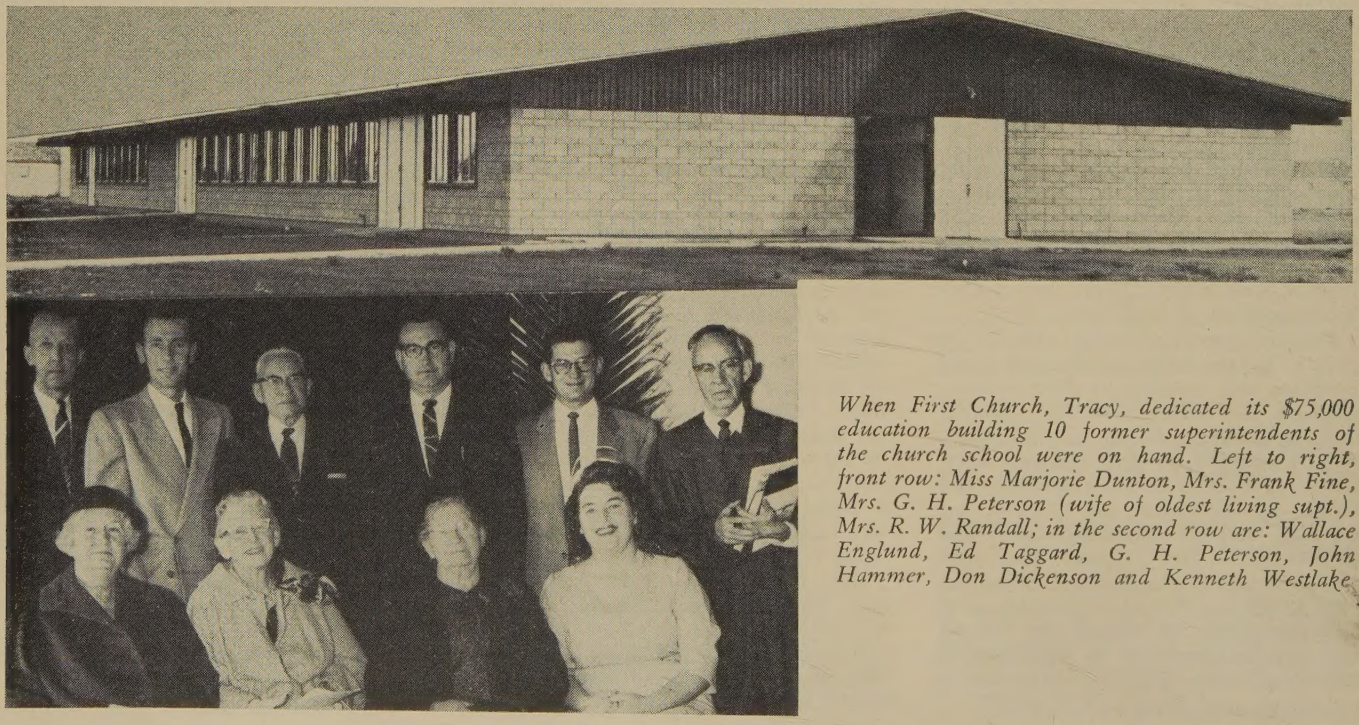
Take Religious Census

A general inter-faith religious census of the Berkeley and Albany Areas was completed in February. Organized by the Berkeley-Albany Council of Churches, the census won approval of the Catholic Archdiocese of San Francisco which asked Catholics to co-operate in responding to the interviews, and sponsorship of the Jewish Temple Beth El. The findings will be submitted to all denominations for self-analysis and planning. Such a general census may make individual church and denominational surveys unnecessary.

Dr. Albert T. Rasmussen, Director of the Institute of Community Research of the Pacific School of Religion, is director and analyst of the project. The data will be IBM processed by the Survey Research Center of the University of California and comparison made with the census tract data from the 1960 Federal census which will soon be released. In the past the Federal census has included religious data, but this was omitted in the 1960 enumeration.

Workers made a two-minute call on each residence in the community. Eight strictly factual questions were asked on length of residence, religious affiliation and attendance, number of members in family, and religious background.

Dr. Rasmussen says experience across the country shows that about 97 per cent of people are happy to co-operate in order to help discover the religious complexion and trends in their communities. The results will show the religious character, trends and participation of various types and backgrounds of people, and the characteristics of newcomers. It will provide an analysis of the strength of the religious resources in the community.



When First Church, Tracy, dedicated its $75,000 education building 10 former superintendents of the church school were on hand. Left to right, front row: Miss Marjorie Dunton, Mrs. Frank Fine, Mrs. G. H. Peterson (wife of oldest living supt.), Mrs. R. W. Randall; in the second row are: Wallace Englund, Ed Taggard, G. H. Peterson, John Hammer, Don Dickenson and Kenneth Westlake.

Missionary Visitor

California visitors in February were Dr. and Mrs. L. K. Ding of Sarawak where he is medical director of Christ Hospital. Dedicated in September, it is the only hospital to serve a population of 40,000 in an area as large as Maryland. Located 160 miles up the Rejang River in the Borneo jungle, it is only 20 miles from the mission station operated by Tom and Jenny Harris, California-Nevada Conference missionaries, at Nanga Mujong. Christ Hospital maintains a nurse there to operate a dispensary.

The $200,000 building project of the Board of Missions has resulted in a 60-bed hospital, already operating at capacity. It is the first Methodist Hospital in the whole of Southeast Asia, outside of India and the Philippines, according to Dr. Ding.

Mrs. Ding, a pediatrician, is also a member of the hospital staff which totals 40 when all employees are counted, including local tribesmen who have been trained as practical nurses, laboratory technicians, and for all types of maintenance. Both the staff and the service of the hospital are interracial and international, representing the Philippines, China, Malaya, and the United States.

The rate of charges for service at Christ Hospital follows British government rates, although the nearest government hospital service is 90 miles away. Out patients pay 50 cents for the first visit and 30 cents for following calls. In patients are charged about 70 cents per day. To reach out to the residents of the "long house" communities along the Rejang, the hospital also operates a boat clinic. Of the $40,000 annual operating budget of the hospital, $25,000 comes from the Board of Missions, and about $15,000 from fees.

Although of Chinese ancestry, Dr. Ding was born in Borneo. He was educated in the United States and completed his medical studies at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. He interned at the University of Chicago. After supervising during the construction of the hospital and directing the first six months of its operation, Dr. and Mrs. Ding will be in America for a year while he does research work at Johns Hopkins.

At Conference headquarters Dr. L. K. Ding, right, medical director of Christ Hospital, Sarawak, discusses overseas work with Dr. Carl Stocking, California-Nevada Conference program director and missions counselor. Christ Hospital is in the jungle of Borneo.

Missionaries Commissioned

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Finster of St. Mark's Church, Sacramento, and Patricia Riddell of El Cerrito Community Methodist Church were among 67 persons commissioned January 20 for Methodist missionary service at home and overseas.

The ceremonies of commissioning climaxed the annual meeting of the Board of Missions at Buck Hills Falls, Pa., attended by 600 people. The new missionaries were commissioned by Bishop Richard C. Raines of Indianapolis, board president.

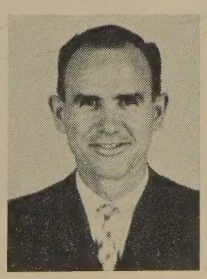
The Finsters will go to South Rhodesia as educational missionaries. Mr. Finster is a University of California graduate in forestry. He has been an assistant ranger for the California State Division of Forestry, a forester for the Southern Pacific Land Company, and a senior timber appraiser for the State Board of Equalization. Mrs. Finster is also a California graduate, in child psychology and education. They have three children, Connie Jean, 15; Janet Anne, 14, and Shirley Marlice, 12.

Patricia Ridell

Miss Riddell, who will do educational work in Peru, has previously been a special term Methodist missionary in Argentina for three years. A graduate of Allegheny College, Pa., she has done graduate study at California and Pacific School of Religion. She also has taught in the public schools of Walnut Creek.

Dr. J. L. Seaton Dies; Was Prominent Educator

Dr. John L. Seaton, president of College of the Pacific on the old College Park campus at San Jose, from 1914 to 1919, died January 28 in New Jersey. He had also served as president of the University Senate, college accrediting agency of The Methodist Church, and of the American Association of Colleges.



Mr. and Mrs. William Finster

RIDING THE CIRCUIT

Life of an Idea

• A one-day Ashram, patterned after the American Christian Ashrams conducted by Dr. E. Stanley Jones, has been planned in Bakersfield. Mrs. Etta Doyle of First Church is steering arrangements, according to a report in the *Outlook* of Wesley Church which was host to a planning session for the Ashram on January 29.

• The Fresno Methodist Foundation is financing a scholarship for a student entering the ministry or religious education.

• The Chinese community of Stockton staged its traditional new year celebration February 25 (the end of the year of the Rat and the entrance of the year of the Bull), climaxed by a huge variety show in Civic Auditorium featuring Chinese professional talent from the world over. Sponsored by the Associated Chinese Clubs of Stockton, the proceeds of the auditorium event, as in previous years, went to St. Mark's Methodist Church.

• The gifts and memorials committee of Trinity Church, Berkeley, has released $1,000 from a bequest of Emma Knox, former missionary to China, to assist a Berkeley Wesley Foundation work team which will labor for several weeks this summer with Japanese youth at the Kagawa Memorial, Japan. Seven young women and six young men are signed for the trip. Said one member of the Trinity committee about the gift from the Knox bequest, "Knoxie would laugh and approve." Commented Trinity pastor, the Rev. C. Douglas Hayward: "You see, Miss Knox had all of her possessions confiscated by the Japanese in China and spent a long time in a concentration camp. Now part of the residue of her estate is being used in this journey of understanding and work by our Wesley students. We could think of no better

Barbara Heck, the former Barbara Ruckle of visit Barbara and her farm home on pages 70-73.

way in which to use a portion of her funds than this."

• A work-aid project for Thomas Bull, a pre-theological student at University of California, has been arranged by his home church, to give him both financial assistance and experience in church work. He belongs to First Church, San Leandro, where he will spend 10 hours weekly in youth work under the supervision of Dr. Howard C. Busching, minister.

• First Church, Loomis, completed a "goodwill project" in January—a fruit tree pruning program in which members donated their labor and turned the proceeds over to the church treasurer.

• The Tuolumne, Soulsbyville, Sonora, and Jamestown churches are now organized as the Sierra Methodist Church Council, according to *In the Center of Things,* Central District newsletter. Pastors Eddy, Robie, and Tanner and some of the laymen serve in various commission capacities. Joint projects are sponsored. Sponsored by all four, the Rutherford meeting will be held at Sonora, a week of evangelistic preaching, visitation and prayer will be held, the Good Friday services will be in Tuolumne and Sonora, Easter Sunrise services in Tuolumne and Jamestown. Queries the newsletter: Are there other neighboring churches who could take a clue from this?

• From the bulletin of First Church, San Jose: The question is not "how much will it cost us to build"—rather, "how much will it cost us if we do not build."

• To help create new friendships in the church fellowship, *Valley Visitor* of Valley Church, Saratoga, features in each issue a "family of the month."

• Married couples at Wesley Church, Bakersfield, were recently offered spiritual guidance toward stronger prayer life by Mildred Leach, a leader in the Pacific Coast Ashrams, during a five-week series of meetings.

• As a basis for program planning, Woodside Church, Redwood City, presents a questionnaire to all members on which they rate all areas of church activity with full opportunity to register new suggestions.

• *Vine and Branches,* newsletter of First Church, Sanger, recently published facts and figures supporting a moral emphasis on safe driving conducted by the California Association of Insurance Agents.

• Personal Christian experience—what it is, how we obtain it, how we share it with others was the emphasis for the Redwood Empire District annual retreat, in January at Willits.

• A letter to the editor of the Greenfield Community *Church Visitor* reads: I'm beginning to get fed up with this business of giving. The offering plate is always being passed. . . . not only this, but I'm asked to give my time for this thing, my energy for that project. . . . isn't there some other way? It seems to me that Christianity is nothing but give, give, give. (Signed, Almost Fed Up)

The reply to Almost Fed Up follows: Thank you for one of the best definitions of Christianity I have ever heard.

• An interesting recent story at Laurel Church, Oakland, is the tale of the shirt—the "Logan shirt," alias "Work shirt." Looking for devices to stimulate extra giving to help reduce a building obligation, Mrs. Ethel Logan started a much patched sports shirt circulating among circles of the Laurel WSCS. Each circle was requested to work on the shirt, adding more patches or pockets—but putting folding money under each one before whipping it down. Just before Annual Conference time the pockets and patches will be emptied to the benefit of the fund. In January it was known that nearly $200 was already sewed into the Logan shirt. It is hoped it will yield $1000 before the church year ends. Laurel ladies and other groups in the church have been baking cakes, baby sitting, etc., just for the privilege of sewing on this old shirt. Now, if no one sends it to the laundry. . . .

• Participation in the interdenominational, international Christian Youth Exchange, is one of the dynamic activities of the MYF of Woodside Road Church, Redwood City. Through gifts, work parties, and "slave days," the youth finance the international exchange of outstanding students.

Recently the project published 15 pages of the letters of Anne Ritter, now studying in Germany, a convincing demonstration of the effectiveness of this dynamic kind of learning. Meanwhile Oswold Volter, exchange student from Germany, is living American life under Woodside Church sponsorship.

• Nearly two years ago the Rev. and Mrs. Donald Cunningham of the Chowchilla Church met Ignacio Castuera in Puebla, Mexico. They recognized his abilities and enterprise and encouraged him in his desire to be a minister. Last summer Ignacio needed help. The Chowchilla Church responded by financing his transportation to Los Angeles, and since has continued to aid him at Compton College, in preparation for the ministry.

Not Without Honor

Bakersfield Japanese Church recently congratulated two members, Mr. and Mrs. Teiko Miyaji, when they received full United States citizenship status.

Three MYF members of the Hillsdale Church, San Mateo, were recently elected to student offices in Hillsdale High School: Sabina Dunton, student body president, Greg Strong, vice-president, and Dorinda Wood, vice-president of the junior class.

Mrs. Ally Petrini, fifth grade teacher in the Pittsburg church school, membership secretary of the WSCS, and vice-chairman of the official board was named Pittsburg "homemaker of the year" in a contest sponsored by the California Federation of Junior Women's Clubs.

Honors for two First Church, Corcoran youth were published there recently: for Shirley Goodrich, publication of her sonnet, *Stream of Life,* in a nationwide anthology published by an eastern college; for Beth Gaymon, the DAR Award.

Frank Ross, First Church, Modesto, was granted a lay speakers credential in January by action of a special quarterly conference called for this purpose.

Jack Whitaker of First Church, Sunnyvale, received the Junior Chamber of Commerce Distinguished Service Award in January naming him "young man of the year."

Charles A. Brink of First Church, Modesto, was elected chairman of the Stanislaus County Board of Supervisors in January. Dale Smith is now a district governor of Kiwanis.

Among Bay Area boys who won honors in the nationwide Westinghouse science talent search is Donald Phelps of the San Rafael Church. The young chemist conducted a special project in the purification of an enzyme called phosphoglyceromutase. While he is planning a career in science, he was quoted by the San Francisco *Chronicle,* "I realize

Scouts receiving God and Country Awards at the Mt. Shasta Church are shown with pastor Harold Engdahl, l. to r., first row: Dennis Engdahl, Bill Barnett, Roger Swanson, Robbie Hartley; second row: Randy Messenger, Gordon Lensing, and Edwin Snutz.

here's a lot of work that needs to be done in the social and political sciences. Actually, I think they'll be more important in the future."

God and Country awards, one of Scouting's highest honors, have recently been received by Kit Wells and Jim Thorp of Woodside Church in Redwood City, Rick Fuller of Epworth Church in Berkeley, Tom Bull of First Church in San Leandro, and Jerry Cole, MYF president at St. Andrew's Church in Sacramento.

The Rev. Y. C. Horikoshi, pastor of the Florin Japanese Church, was elected president of the Northern California Church Federation. The action came recently at the annual meeting of the federation in Fresno, attended by lay and ministerial delegates from 33 Northern California Japanese churches.

For the Rev. Ralph Fellersen, pastor of the Ukiah Church, came an honorary life membership in the Parent-Teacher Association. He has done extensive PTA service in programs, talks, and youth counseling.

Gary Matsura of Centenary Church, Los Angeles (Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference) tied for third place in the city-wide Hi-Y Boy of the Year competitions. He received a $250 award.

Harold V. Thompson of First Church, Fresno, is new president of the Fresno County Bar Association, according to the church's *Reporter*. He is a church-school teacher and former president of the Board of Trustees of First Church.

Jackie Yokote of First Church, Loomis, is a recent winner of a DAR award, according to the Loomis *Scroll*.

Rays (from the lighted windows of St. Paul's Church, Fresno) reports with pride that the beautiful St. Paul's float won a first award in Fresno's recent Diamond Jubilee parade. Sponsored by Methodist Men, the float was in the form of a huge cross, with church windows arching at the rear. Incidentally, while the city of Fresno celebrated its 75th birthday, St. Paul's, oldest church there, has counted 85 anniversaries.

Sea Scout Hollis Black III of Epworth Church, Berkeley, recently won the rank of Quarter Master, a rating achieved by only one among every 1,000 boys enrolled in this senior Scouting program.

People and Places

A cornerstone laying in March, and a completed new Christian education building by October is the timetable for a building project of Centenary Church, Los Angeles, of the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference.

The New Messenger of St. Paul's Church, South San Francisco, now published in a new format, announced in February that the Rev. Robert A. Lundy was a delegate of the San Francisco chapter to the POAU convention in Portland.

Mary Takaichi of Wesley Church, San Jose, was named "Teenage Miss of the Year" at James Lick High School, and Mary Ann Higuchi was elected president of the freshman class at Samuel Ayer High.

The Chimes of the Ukiah Church reported in February: It was a happy moment when our own Albert Bechtol, trustee of the church, fire chief of Ukiah, and president of the Northern California Fireman's Association, was named Ukiah's "Outstanding Citizen of the Year."

Kathy Magoon of the Hillsdale Church has been named to participate in a student exchange program and will probably study in England during the summer.

Every active California-Nevada Conference minister has received a copy of *John Muir, Naturalist* from the author, the Rev. John W. Winkley of Walnut Creek. He is president of the John Muir Association, endeavoring to save the stately Muir home in Alhambra Valley, Martinez, as a national monument to the man whose writings and explorations were directed toward the creation of the national parks we now enjoy.

The Joseph Spanier family of First Church, Burlingame have been honored as the "Keystone family of the year" by the Keystone Sunday-school class. The Spaniers were hosts to the church-sponsored exchange student and also to a church-sponsored refugee family from Indonesia during several weeks while employment was being arranged.

Dr. Gene Carter, Bay View District superintendent, was a principal speaker for the 1961 Farm Bureau Leadership Conference at Asilomar in February.

A new and vital interest in home missions was obtained by a group of seventh and eighth graders of First Church, Burlingame, during a visit to home mission projects in San Joaquin Valley and Southern California during their Christmas vacation. The project was sponsored by the local Commission on Missions. A vivid report of the project was given by the young people at a regular Tuesday night dinner of the church.

The Kingsburg Church added a certified director of Christian Education to its staff on February 1, Miss Shirley Pletcher of Los Angeles. A graduate of Taylor University of Indiana who did graduate studies at Scarritt College, Nashville, she will supervise the total educational program of the church.

A four-day evangelistic mission was completed in January by Gardena Community Methodist Church, Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference. Callers visited 624 families. Nineteen ministers of the Conference assisted.

Dr. Gene Carter, Bay View District superintendent, is new chairman of the department of radio and television of the Northern California-Nevada Council of Churches. He has directed a great deal of the ground work which released the noted Methodist *Talk Back* program to Northern California listeners. Also representing the San Francisco Area on the Council radio and television department are the Rev. Gerald Lowe, St. Luke's, Richmond, and the Rev. George Nishikawa, United Church, Berkeley.

Clarence A. Miller, financial secretary of the Sebastopol Church, resigned his post in December after serving in it for 55 years.

The Rev. Herbert C. Hirschfeld of San Ramon Valley Church, Alamo, confirmed 21 young people in full church membership on December 18, largest class in the three and one-half year history of the congregation.

The Eastbay Council of Churches sponsors the Rev. Douglas H. Henderson of St. Stephen's Church, Oakland, in a 7:00 p.m. Sunday evening broadcast on KRE in which he brings a message and presents favorite hymns. Tune in for *Sunday Evening in the Chapel.*

Shirley Root of First Church, Oakland, attended the International Conference for Social Workers in Rome, January 7-14.

On February 5, Central District superintendent Dr. Charles Lord dedicated the new organ at Galt with pastor William Beck and his people, a project sponsored by the MYF. The same day at Valley Springs he and Deaconess Harriett Louise Perry and 50 parishioners broke ground for a multipurpose education-fellowship building soon to rise there.

In the adventure of organizing a new Methodist Church in northwest Napa, the Rev. Dorothy Gleason began membership classes on January 15. The instruction on Methodist beliefs and organization are in three sections, graded for youth up to the ninth grade, for high school and college age levels, and for adults. A WSCS was started on January 24.

Cambrian Park Church, San Jose, broke ground February 5 for a new church-school building.

Bishop Herbert Welch of New York City, senior bishop of the church at age 98, was guest preacher in February at Church of the Wayfarer, Carmel, and First Church, San Jose.

Trinity Church of San Francisco sent a work party to Hunter's Point for three days in February to paint, repair and renovate at the Ridge Point Church.

According to the Redwood Empire District *Log,* the new parsonage at St. Helena "is truly something to behold . . . a lovely house and extremely well built." It's home for the Rev. William and Nan Wingstrom.

Methodist Matters of St. Mark's Church, Orinda, reports, "Dr. Gene Carter, D.S., did a fine job of consecrating the parsonage on New Year's Day." Home of the Rev. and Mrs. John Dodson and family, the parsonage is a Bay View District Advance Special project.

The Federated Community Methodist Church at Crescent City has recently been enhanced with a new, stained glass, sanctuary window, a memorial to Mrs. Barbara Ray. The *Spire* of the Crescent City church also reports notable success with a series of Christian Faith classes which to date have enrolled a total of 230 persons. The sequence will be repeated five times during the year.

The new multipurpose fellowship-sanctuary at Atwater was scheduled for

Barbara Heck, the former Barbara Ruckle of visit Barbara and her farm home on pages 70-73.

consecration February 26, an event long worked for and hoped for by pastor Richard Bimson and his people.

The Rev. James Haggart, pastor at Fall River Mills, Shasta District, reports the dedication of new sanctuary furnishings, modern pulpit and lectern designed and manufactured for the church, altar cross and candelabra. All were memorial gifts by members of the church.

The Portal of First Church, Merced, reported the church was host to a choir festival sponsored by the American Guild of Organists and Choir Directors, first of its kind in the Merced area, in which an interdenominational group of five senior and three junior choirs participated.

TOGETHER has received another All-Family Plan order, from First Church, Martinez.

The usual direction of flow for funds from World-Wide Communion Sunday, to chaplains and service personnel, was reversed this fall by one group when servicemen at Wheelus Field Air Base in Libya contributed $518.60 to aid "refugee" Congo missionaries, according to word recevied by the Commission on Chaplains from Chaplain (Major) Spencer D. McQueen, Protestant chaplain at the base. He is a member of the California-Nevada Conference.

Dr. E. Harold Mohn, for 12 years general secretary of the central promotion agency of The Methodist Church, the General Commission on Promotion and Cultivation with headquarters in Chicago, has taken up residence in Palo Alto since his retirement January 1. He spoke January 22 for First Church there. He was succeeded in the top promotion post by Dr. Elliott Fisher, formerly superintendent of the San Jose District.

The Rev. Ervin C. Tipton, of San Rafael, on Sabbatical leave from the California-Nevada Conference, returned in February from a six months trip to the Holy Land, and many countries of western Europe and Scandinavia.

In the Holy Land he had the experience of visiting all the Christian Shrines and the excavations where the Dead Sea Scrolls were found.

While in London he and Mrs. Tipton attended Parliament and witnessed the debate on the Polaris missile. In New York they attended the United Nations and witnessed the accusations of the Cuban representative.

Community Methodist Church of Lincoln appears to have one of the most active of intermediate classes. According to recent issues of Lincoln's *Methodistrict News* eight of the group are now studying in Pastor Howard G. Chapin's church membership class, a San Francisco study trip was scheduled for March, and recently the group wrote and presented a ceremony of dedication for a fine new sanctuary altar cross which was purchased partly by their gifts.

"Released time" is not dead. The *Pilot* of First Church, Vallejo, announced in January the First Annual Protestant Released Time Christian Education Dinner for Vallejo, with Admiral L. V. Honsinger of Mare Island speaking on *The Conquest of Inner Space.*

The MYF groups of all four Methodist churches in Vallejo recently staged a special program and party on the Scandinavian theme, presenting for the principal speaker the Norwegian consul from San Francisco.

Three Ukiah Church students at the University of the Pacific returned home to stage the entire service of worship on Student Recognition Day. Commented pastor Ralph Fellersen in the *Chimes,* ". . . an excellent account of the attitude and program of Pacific regarding religion on campus."

A biography of the Rev. Ettore Di Giantomasso, for 32 years pastor of St. John's Church, San Francisco, and affectionately known as the "mayor of North Beach," was published in February in *Islam Salaam.* Chaplain of the Islam Temple, San Francisco, he was born in Italy where he received his early education. Coming to America in 1912 he studied at Boston University, University of Southern California, and Pacific School of Religion. He served with the U. S. Army in World War I, and with the Coast Guard chaplain in World War II. He is a director of the Italian Welfare Agency and has guided more than 1,000 persons to securing United States citizenship. The Rev. Di Giantomasso is the dean of San Francisco Methodist pastors, leading a congregation which includes people of many races and nationalities. He also is a 33rd degree Mason.

Milestones

Many Methodist couples are reported in local church newsletters as they reach advanced milestones marking long and happy marriages:

Two couples counted their 63rd wedding anniversaries, Mr. and Mrs. William Lester of First Church, Modesto, February 3; Mr. and Mrs. William Johnson of First Church, Sunnyvale, February 10.

Two others, both members of Japanese Methodist Church, Fresno, were feted by the church on February 5 in celebration of their 60th anniversary. They are Mr. and Mrs. Shikazo Ouchi and Mr. and Mrs. Y. Domoto.

Two more scored 55th anniversaries recently, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Christensen of First Church, Redwood City, and Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Buck of Parkside Church, San Francisco; while another brace of couples counted 52 years together, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Sandifur of Epworth Church, Berkeley, and Mr. and Mrs. Claude Cain of Park Presidio Church, San Francisco.

Others who have lived "happily ever after" and celebrated golden wedding anniversaries in recent weeks: Messrs. and Mesdames Ray Watkins of Trinity Church, Mountain View; George A. Juliar of First Church, Sunnyvale; H. W. Childers of First Church, Redwood City; Fred Cosper of First Church, Salinas; J. V. Centers of First Church, Los Gatos; Harry Dilks of the Sebastopol Church; G. H. Boone of the Walnut Creek Church; and J. A. Bartlett of Grace Church, San Francisco.

New bouncing baby boys have been installed in two parsonages recently. Nathan Sakakibara, arrived December 10, is the son of pastor and Mrs. Joseph Sakakibara of Japanese Methodist Church, Dinuba.

In Evanston, Ill., where his parents, the Rev. Robert and Joanne McCallister, are living while Robert is doing advanced study, Andrew William McCallister was born on February 2.

Two darling daughters also made their advents during the Christmas season, Sophie Diane, born to the Rev. Beverly and Sally Davis of Kelseyville and Lakeport on December 23, and Ann Elizabeth to Donald and La Vonne Donihue of Wayside Church, Vallejo, December 15.

Mark Morris Porter arrived January 19 to enhance the household of William and Jean Porter of the Wesley Foundation, Berkeley.

First Church, Sparks, feted their pastor, the Rev. Leo Hamilton, and Mrs. Hamilton, on the 25th anniversary of his entry into the ministry at Erickson, Nebr., in 1935.

Among churches which have observed institutional anniversaries is Paradise (Shasta District), which marked the fifth year of its organization and fifth year in the full-time ministry for the Rev. William Sanford who has been pastor in Paradise since his graduation from Pacific School of Religion in 1955. Wesley, Bakersfield, has also celebrated its fifth birthday, one of the many churches started by that remarkable recruiter of new congregations, the Rev. W. F. Oglesby, but shepherded since 1956 by the Rev. J. Richard Hart, also serving his first pastorate. First Church, Redwood City, marked its 96th anniversary and remembered the late Tully Cleon Knoles who had preached the anniversary sermon there annually for 35 years previously. Founders day at First Church, San Jose tallied the 113th year of the institution.

The most advanced birthday anniversary reported in church newsletters recently was the 101st birthday of Mrs. Sarah Garraw of First Church, San Jose on December 16.

On December 21, the Rev. Harold Blakley of First Church, Merced, officiated there at the wedding of his daughter, Betty Sue, and Richard S. Beyea, Jr.

The death of Mrs. William J. Peters of Pacific Grove was reported January 5. She was the widow of the late Rev. William J. Peters, former pastor in the California Conference.

Retired Deaconess Alta McFerrin died January 13 in San Jose. Active in First Church there she had taught in San Jose released time religious education classes for several years after her retirement. Her last assignment was at the Gum Moon residence for Chinese girls in San Francisco.

Together / April 1961

Makes a Point

John Street Church (right) as it is today

inés) lapsed into worldly ways. Then, thanks to Barbara's pleading—here pictured in a water color by Floyd A. Johnson, TOGETHER's artist—Embury did resume preaching. He held the first meeting in his own home. Two years later the first Methodist "preaching house" was built on the present site of old John Street Church. The church took root, and Barbara Heck, the former Barbara Ruckle of County Limerick, Ireland, left an abundant heritage as the Mother of Methodism in America.

After more than two centuries, her home still stands on the ancestral farm in Ireland. Here another Barbara—her last name now changed to Ruttle but still pronounced "Ruckle"—will greet you. Could she be the image of the other? Join us as we visit Barbara and her farm home on pages 76-78.

THIS IS A FAMILY TOGETHER PROJECT

CUT ON DOTTED LINE AND TAPE TO WINDOW

Our Family Believes

Jesus Christ Is Lord

". . . for truly in this city there were gathered together against thy holy servant Jesus, whom thou didst anoint, both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles and the peoples of Israel, to do whatever thy hand and thy plan had predestined to take place. And now, Lord, look upon their threats, and grant to thy servants to speak thy word with all boldness, while thou stretchest out thy hand to heal, and signs and wonders are performed through the name of thy holy servant Jesus."
—Acts 5:27-30

Christian witness, the direct, personal recounting of our spiritual experiences, multiplies our faith for the glory of the kingdom. ". . . and grant to thy servants to speak thy word with boldness" should be included in each of our prayers in this holy season.

Let your neighbors know that *you* have a truly Christian home. Cut out the portion of this page marked with a dotted line and place it in a window with plastic tape. Multiply faith on your street by witnessing for Christ this Easter!

You can help to extend this witness throughout the year by making certain that your church is on the *Together* Club Plan. Club Plan subscriptions cost less; lower cost means more readers.

FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION ABOUT E TOGETHER "CLUB PLAN" FOR YOUR CHURCH, WRITE

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Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.
—John Wesley (1703-1791)

"NO OTHER woman can make that statement!" When this challenge hurdled the partitions in our editorial corridors not long ago, it quickly drew ever-curious staffers to its source—the office of **Helen Johnson**, associate editor in charge of *Feeding Fifty*, our newest monthly feature.

There sat her alter ego, **Sally Wesley**, behind a sizable stack of fan mail, waving a letter from the Methodist Men of the Carroll (Iowa) Church.

"I've been made an honorary member," she announced. "How many women can boast that?"

Seems the gentlemen of Carroll were well pleased with the Leesburg (Va.) Methodist Church's recipe for Ginger Sweet Potatoes they tested last month [March, page 74]. But these male gourmets weren't the only ones who rhapsodized in writing. Sally's first month of mail alone totaled more than 500 letters! And (sigh!) this month's quantity recipe on page 73 probably will bring Sally Wesley more wonderful comments. It's for Sprice, a warm-up dish that made a hit at Methodism's historic John Street Church in New York City.

Which brings to mind that our water-colorist *extraordinaire*, **Floyd Johnson**, has done himself proud again. On pages 2 and 3 of this issue, *Barbara Heck Makes a Point* illumines John Street's corner of Methodist history. The hearty Miss Heck, who came from Ireland 201 years ago and finally pestered Philip Embury into forming New York's first Methodist congregation, is also a party to *Here Barbara Heck Grew Up*, on page 76.

Our Cover: Methodists in Tacoma, Wash., and a world-famous French artist whose studio is virtually next door to famed Chartres Cathedral collaborated by mail over a two-year period to create this striking stained glass portrait. The extreme close-up on our cover shows only a tiny portion of the 85-foot window adorning Mason Methodist Church. The complete work portrays the Lord's Prayer and is thought to be North America's longest stained glass window telling a complete story.

Gabriel Loire is the artist, and his technique—chipping inch-thick pieces of colored glass and *cementing* them in place—is the first new method of manufacturing such windows in hundreds of years. A companion piece expressing the Beatitudes enriches the front wall of the church.

Some problems were bound to crop up in such a long-distance venture. For instance, the first water-color sketches from Loire, a Roman Catholic, contained many non-Protestant religious symbols. Too, he was unfamiliar with some objects that were to appear in the window: daffodils, bread in American-style loaves, and the evergreen forests near Tacoma. But the congregation guided him with photographs and descriptions—so their mail-order window really is custom made!—YOUR EDITORS.

Together

APRIL, 1961

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TOGETHER continues the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE founded in 1826 as "an entertaining, instructive, and profitable family visitor." It is an official organ of The Methodist Church. Because of freedom given authors, opinions may not reflect official concurrence.

TOGETHER is "the midmonth magazine for Methodist families" because it reaches subscribers by the 15th of the month preceding cover date.

It is published by the Methodist Publishing House at 201 Eighth Ave., South, Nashville 3, Tenn., where second-class postage has been paid.

Manuscripts: Authors should enclose postage for return—and address all editorial correspondence to the Editorial Department.

Advertising: For rates, write to the Advertising Department.

Subscriptions: Order the All Family Plan through your local Methodist church. The basic rate is 65¢ a quarter ($2.60 a year) billed to the church. Individual subscriptions are $4 a year in advance. Single copy price is 50¢.

Change of Address: Five weeks' advance notice is required. Send old and new address and label from current issue.

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This money is paid to you in cash to be used for rent, food, hospital or doctor bills—anything you wish, and your policy can never be cancelled simply because you get old, or have too many claims.

Every day, over 43,000 people enter our hospitals—32,000 of these for the first time. No one knows whose turn will be next, whether yours or mine. But we do know that a fall on the sidewalk or stairs in your home, or some sudden illness could put you in the hospital for weeks or months, and could cost many hundreds of dollars.

If you do not drink and are carrying ordinary hospitalization insurance, you are, in reality, helping to pay for the accidents and hospital bills of those who do drink. This is an unfair penalty.

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Since we limit our membership to non-drinkers only, you save up to 40% on comparable hospitalization. Any individual who does not drink, regardless of age, can apply for this new type of low-cost protection. Even if you are covered by another policy, the Gold Star Plan will supplement that coverage and pay in addition to your present policy. Because it costs only pennies a day to have this wonderful protection against sickness and accidents, many of our members have insured their parents as well as themselves. There is no limit to the number of times you can collect. Full benefits go into effect the day your policy is issued. We invite you to compare these low rates and unusual benefits with any other similar hospitalization insurance. We know you will find that Gold Star offers the finest coverage for less money.

COMPARE THESE LOW RATES

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DR. ROY L. SMITH, well-known author, popular lecturer, preacher and former editor of *Christian Advocate:* "I am convinced that the time has come for abstainers to reap some of the benets of their abstinence, and this is one of the ways in which it can be done. We have had lower insurance rates for abstaining drivers for a long time, so why not a hospitalization plan for non-drinkers. The Gold Star Plan seems sensible and scientific."

FRANK C. LAUBACH, internationally known authority on literacy; author, preacher and former missionary: "It seems to me that people who take good care of themselves should not be charged the same premium for insurance as those who are killing themselves by intemperance. This Gold Star Policy seems to be exactly what people who do not drink ought to have."

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- ★ There is no limit to the number of times you can collect.
- ★ No waiting periods. Pays from very first day you enter the hospital.
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Maude L. Armstrong, Los Angeles, Calif.

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Mrs. Esther G. Powers, Norwalk, Ohio

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Mrs. N. L. Kolb, Rochester, N. Y.

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2.					
3.					
4.					

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If so, give details stating cause, date, name and address of attending physician and whether fully recovered _____

I hereby certify that neither I nor any member above listed uses alcoholic beverages and I hereby apply to the World Mutual Health and Accident Ins. Co. of Penna. for a policy based on the understanding that the policy applied for does not cover conditions originating prior to the date of insurance, and that the policy is issued solely and entirely in reliance upon the written answers to the foregoing questions.

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SELECTED BITS FROM YOUR

Shocked by 'Bar Mitzvah'

EDWARD WIEGAND
Mankato, Minn.

I am usually quite pleased with the material in TOGETHER, but when I reached the last article in the February issue [*Bar Mitzvah,* page 76], I was greatly shocked and displeased. I can see no excuse for printing such rubbish in a Christian magazine, and I'm sure there are many Christians who will agree with me.

There is much more difference between Christians and Jews than a few mere "theological differences," which the article implies to be the case. Does not the fact that the Jews have rejected our Savior mean anything to the Rev. R. Marvin Stuart?

If the Bar Mitzvah *feature—telling how Methodists at Palo Alto, Calif., permitted Jews to use their church—did not promote the purpose of Brotherhood Week, then it failed to fill the reason for appearing in* TOGETHER.—EDS.

First Things First?

I. MELVILLE WOHRLEY, *Pastor*
Altamont, Kans.

I've just read *Reform in the Slaughterhouse* [January, page 45], and must express my dissatisfaction concerning it.

First, I'd be surprised if any TOGETHER subscribers are as concerned about the humane treatment of animals as I. But at the same time, it seems that TOGETHER could well put its effectiveness to greater use as we try to overcome man's inhumanity to man.

We respectfully call the attention of Mr. Wohrley and other critics to the strong resolution on humane slaughter taken by the former Board of Social and Economic Relations in April, 1958.—EDS.

Alligators Skinned Alive?

VICTOR E. JOHNSON
Seattle, Wash.

The January *Reader's Digest* contains *Let Us Have Mercy on These Dumb Animals,* reprinted from TOGETHER's *Reform in the Slaughterhouse.* I was much impressed by it for I have seen some of these terrible things.

The reason I'm writing, however, is that I've been informed alligator hides are obtained by skinning the alligator alive, on the basis that this process produces better leather. Can you tell me if this is true?

Sorry, but we have no information on the subject. Does any reader?—EDS.

'Blot on Christian Country'

IVA M. HANSEN
Orland Park, Ill.

Congratulations on printing the desperately needed article, *Reform in the Slaughterhouse.*

These conditions are truly a blot on our so-called Christian country, and I hope many of your readers will deluge our lawmakers with letters on the issue. Your magazine will probably reach thousands who would be horrified to witness the cruelty in such places.

Use Club for TV Violence?

MRS. CRESSA HARRIGAN
Portsmouth, Ohio

Regarding *Reform in the Slaughterhouse,* what this article says is true. But why raise such a hue and cry about animals when people let their children sit in front of a television set for hours watching men kill each other and don't form a club against it? Why not organize to stop some of this?

Before clubbing, we suggest parents reread Dr. Paul A. Witty's Television and School Children: 10 Years Together *[January, page 24].*—EDS.

She'll Retrace Natchez Trace

MRS. RAYMOND LABONTA
Brunswick, Mo.

I teach a Sunday-School class of women from 65 to 90 years of age. They love TOGETHER. I usually give them my old copies—but the February issue is one I'll keep until we make our next trip to Baton Rouge to visit our daughter. Then, with the aid of the magazine, we'll hunt up the Methodist landmarks on the Natchez Trace [February pictorial, page 37, *Along the Natchez Trace*]. This time, the trip will have added interest, thanks to TOGETHER and Mr. Johnson's pictures.

Ask National Park Service

MRS. VERA LA MOTHE
Milwaukee, Wis.

I enjoyed very much Floyd Johnson's pictures in *Along the Natchez Trace.* I would be most interested in making this trip from Nashville, Tenn., to Natchez, Miss., this spring, but in checking the maps can find nothing that indicates the highways to be followed. Please tell me where I could obtain some specific information.

To all would-be Natchez Tracers: for a descriptive leaflet, Natchez Trace Parkway, *write the National Park Service, U.S. Department of the Interior, in Washington, D.C. And let's note too, that spring is an ideal time to make that trip!*—EDS.

Small Boy: In tenderness and love.

Easter, 1957, Revisited

DOROTHY PIERCE BRANSTON
Seattle, Wash.

[Editor's Note: Four Easters ago, TOGETHER's cover portrayed a small boy and a smaller, fluffy chick. Many readers were moved by the scene, and one, Dorothy Pierce Branston, even waxed poetic. Her poem, entitled *His,* expresses thoughts which never grow old:]

Have you seen a child,
In tenderness and love,
Holding in the hollow
Of cupped hands
The treasure he has found
Within the woods—
Upon the sands—
Or some small furry thing
All mute with fright,
Its heart aflutter
In the strangeness of its plight?
So God with infinite love
And tenderness and care
Holds us in the hollow
Of his hands—
The treasure He has made,
For whom he hopes
And whom he understands.
In the shelter of His goodness
We are bound, but free
In the knowledge that we're His
For all eternity.

Exodus vs. Exodus . . .

MISS C. L. JUSTIN
Manhattan, Kans.

After reading pages 18-20 of the February TOGETHER [see *Tennessee vs. Wash Jones,* and *He'd Rather Stay Home*], I have written to Mr. Joe W.

So you think metered mail is only for big business?

"Tain't so. This little postage meter is a big help, even in this me-and-the-boss outfit. Always has the stamp we want, for letters or packages. Printing postage is quicker and slicker than sticking old-fashioned stamps. And I don't have to baby-sit with a stamp box, or lick envelope flaps any more."

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Henry, Jr., and Editor Don Reid, Jr. I cannot understand their considering capital punishment morally wrong. The same book of Exodus that laid down the command "You shall not kill," also plainly said, "If one man wilfully attacks another, to murder him craftily, you must take that man from my very altar and put him to death" (Exodus 21:14 Moffatt).

For the sake of people who are to be killed by conscienceless killers turned loose again, why not turn efforts to ways to make capital punishment more humane? I live in a state which formerly didn't have capital punishment. Now it does, and I approve.

She's Still for Capital Punishment

MRS. ROBERT SNYDER
North Hollywood, Calif.

My entire family and I just finished reading *Tennessee vs. Wash Jones* and *He'd Rather Stay Home.* These two men, Mr. Henry and Mr. Reid, seek to abolish capital punishment and to convince TOGETHER readers that their views are right. This is one family that will never be convinced!

Sword Story Rekindles Friendship

CHRISTINE A. KUOPPER
Eindhoven, Holland

What a pleasant surprise to receive the January TOGETHER. Even more so when I discovered an article by Mr. George Mecklenburg about Eindhoven [*The Dutch Artist and the Eisenhower Sword,* page 13]. During the war, Mr. Bombeeck found a hiding place in our house several times. After the war, we lost contact, but when we read the article, we looked for his telephone number and renewed our friendship.

I do not know whose thoughtfulness made it possible for me to receive TOGETHER, but I am very pleased with it.

What Now, You John Turners?

JAMES R. WOODDELL, *Pastor*
Williamstown, W.Va.

I saw a strange relationship between Bishop Kennedy's article defending the activism of The Methodist Church [*We Methodists Are Activists!* January, page 14], and the next article, *Readers Talk Back* [January, page 17], concerning the response to John Turner's September article, *God Roars in the Pines.*

John Turner's queries could be echoed by many youth, adults, and even ministers who are caught up in the whirlwind of parish activity. Some of us are discovering that the programs and activities of the church are developing a busy people, but not necessarily a committed people.

None of us want to encourage laziness, indifference, or inefficiency. But, we want to inquire into the meaning of the church before jumping into ceaseless activity. Somehow, we must reach the John Turners of our church with more than programs and quotas.

You John Turners now have your chance to speak up. See announcement of the John Dickins Award, *page 71.* —EDS.

A Reader Disgusted; God Also?

MRS. W. H. C.
Atlanta, Ga.

At a time when Communists threaten to "bury" us, with executions in Cuba, famine in China, conflict in Laos, and turmoil in the Congo, Methodists still go about their little business of exchanging recipes! [See *Feeding Fifty,* February, page 74.]

Is this Christian leadership? God must be looking upon us in sheer disgust!

'Delighted with *Feeding Fifty*'

MRS. MARYBELLE BROWN
Monroeville, Pa.

Our WSCS is delighted with the new addition, *Feeding Fifty,* in TOGETHER. We are a fairly new church, and don't have older members to help plan large dinners. This feature will be a big help to us, we know, and in return we'll send you some of our ideas which may be of help to others.

'Coon Hunters Thought Twice

NORMAN J. LAWRENCE
Hawthorne, N.J.

In December's *Letters,* I read Mrs. Jean Waters' statement that one of every 12 social drinkers becomes an alcoholic [page 6]. As a Christian, I am my brother's keeper, and realize my example may save some weak soul from being that one.

I'll never forget the example my dad gave me. One day, he told me, when he was a young man, his gang decided to go "coon hunting." When they reached an open space in the woods the gang bully passed a whiskey bottle around.

When it came to dad, he refused, saying, "If this is what you call 'coon hunting,' I'm going home." The bottle stopped

"Show the minister in now!"

right there, and several fellows came to my dad later and thanked him. They said they didn't have nerve enough to refuse, even though they knew it wrong.

This has proved to me that social drinkers should show their disapproval of the practice.

Mix Soup and Raspberry Pie?

MRS. HELEN WELLS
Fairmount, Ind.

To a common layman, the proposed "union" of the United Church of Christ, and the United Presbyterian, Methodist and Protestant Episcopal churches would be more of a conglomeration than a union. [See *Church Unity Proposal Stirs Methodist Leaders,* February, page 69.]

It would be like dumping four distinctive foods, including soup and raspberry pie, into a mixing bowl and stirring vigorously. If this thing should be accomplished, would all the names be strung together with hyphens, or would the combination be given a fancy new name?

Churches Can, Should Unite

MRS. E. D. RALPH
Des Moines, Iowa

I want to go on record as saying that I shall pray for the church merger proposed for the Methodist, Episcopal, United Presbyterian, and United Church of Christ denominations. I also pray it will be soon.

We Christians need to exercise more love and acceptance of each other. We need a stronger faith through a common witness. We Protestants insist on the authority of the Bible as the source of faith, yet the majority of Protestants can't seem to agree on what the Bible says! We must come to a mutual agreement, or be lost in a confusion of "isms."

Need New Gambling Approach

SHERMAN K. POULTNEY
Leominster, Mass.

Hasn't experience proved that the enforcement of laws prohibiting drinking, gambling, and their attendant evils is almost impossible, if not a source of greater evil? [See *How to Argue Against Gambling,* January, page 32.]

At present, gambling seems to finance the criminal elements of our population, as well as extending all fields of crime. The environment produced by legal or illegal gambling shows that neither are solutions to the problem. There is great need for a new approach to these old evils.

Gambling Is a Teacher!

R. E. CORDRAY
Palo Alto, Calif.

Your recent article on gambling disturbed me deeply. Throughout the article, I sense an underlying assumption to use the power of the state to impose on others our concepts of life in what are essentially personal matters.

You may be interested to know that I personally don't gamble. The reason is that once I lost everything I had, and the experience made a lasting impression on me. Fortunately, I was only 11 at the time, and all I lost was $4 after "investing" it in a nickel slot machine. Thinking back, I marvel at my parents' wisdom in allowing me the experience.

A Story Behind the Poem

SAMUEL L. YODER
Goshen, Ind.

We in Goshen were thrilled to read the poem by Mrs. Emma Hartzler, *January Etchings* on page 4.

She is a polio patient and has been in an iron lung for more than eight years. One of the finest characteristics of her and her family is that they do not crave publicity, but I couldn't pass up the opportunity to share this information.

Their address is 202 South Sixth St., for those who may want to write.

Two Sides of Refugee Problem

EVELYN LACHELE
San Antonio, Tex.

Still No Room in Bethlehem [February, page 25] was most interesting—especially after just finishing the book, *Exodus* which gives only the Israeli view of the situation.

I wish it were possible for everyone who read *Exodus* to read this article, so they could compare both sides of a grave situation.

Request for a Friend in India

MRS. C. R. SPELLMEYER
Stayton, Ore.

I have a correspondent in India, a college student, who works for the Red Cross Society, visiting patients in hospitals and supplying them reading material. He's also the secretary of youth welfare of his college association.

He'd like to receive back copies of TOGETHER and would circulate them among patients in the hospitals. His name and address: *Pvijaya Chandran; No. 550 (T.C. 720); Pattom P.O.; Trivandrum 4, India.*

'It Could Have Been Us'

DARREL MCCORKELL, *Pastor*
Santa Paula, Calif.

George Cornell's *Brainwork for God—at Home* [February, page 14] really lived up to the glowing review it received from James Wall in the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

As one of our group which meets every Sunday said, "That could easily have been our group."

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"You know, it's true! Since I started drinking Postum I do feel calmer, and sleep so much better! Can't say I enjoy having milk spilled even now—but trifles don't really upset me any more!"

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Together / NEWSLETTER

MILLION FOR CONGO RELIEF. The World Council of Churches has asked its members to give $1 million for relief needs in the Congo. Methodism, which shares in the WCC program through its Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, already has sent $32,000 to the Congo for emergency needs. Meanwhile, Indiana Methodist churches are raising $18,000 to buy an airplane to speed medicine and food to the needy Congolese. [For more Congo news, see page 69.]

INTEGRATION REPORT. A study of school-enrollment data by the National Council of Churches' department of racial and cultural relations indicates that at the start of the 1960-61 school year 2,834 of 6,636 school districts in Southern states were biracial. Approximately 183,000 Negroes now attend schools with whites, compared with 181,104 last spring. This represents about 6 per cent of the total Negro school enrollment.

NO PICTURES, PLEASE! Continuing a White House policy, indoor photographs of President Kennedy attending church will be banned. Pictures may be taken from the sidewalk of the President entering or leaving a church, but he will not ordinarily pose at the door with clergymen.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HOMEWORK. Dr. Grover C. Bagby, head of the Southern California-Arizona Annual Conference Board of Education, would stiffen Christian education by having Sunday schools require attendance, regular study, homework, and exams. He feels Protestant church schools have not gone deep enough spiritually or intellectually.

SERVE MORE PEOPLE. Dr. Olin E. Oeschger, general secretary of the Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes, reported to the board that its affiliated institutions served 1.6 million persons last year, an increase of 101,668 over 1959. The number of institutions rose from 236 to 244.

RETURNS TO OLD NAME. The College of the Pacific at Stockton, Calif., founded by Methodist pioneers in 1851, has changed its name to the University of the Pacific, the title under which it operated from 1852 to 1911.

(*More church news on page 67*)

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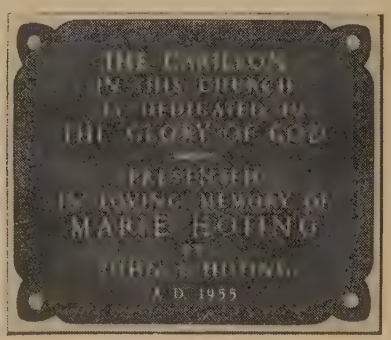

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Resurrection

By GRACE PEARSON EVERSON

THE CHURCHES were packed that Easter Sunday, but for me there was no glorious, triumphant feeling such as possessed me in other years.

The Christian world was raising its *Hallelujahs!* but there was no response from my spirit as I stood alone in the empty house where as recently as 10 days earlier my little English-born mother had lived. With the passing of this fragile person of the thin gray braids and the soft English accent—still discernible after 39 years in America—the light had gone out of this house and out of my life.

I knew what had brought me to this painful spot. Full of shame at my own unbelief, I had come in quest of a sign that, on this Easter, there was immortality for Mother, who had meant more than all the world to me.

I sat on her neat little couch and gathered my shame around me. What would my friends think if they knew that I—born the daughter of a Methodist minister—was in search of an answer like this?

"Your faith—we envy you," those friends often told me. My faith! Born and nurtured in a parsonage, it had never faltered when held out to others. Where was it now? The Scripture from Luke came to mind and I remembered the rulers, standing around the cross, saying of Jesus: "He saved others; let him save himself."

I had reassured others of a life after death and now, blind and groping, I could not convince myself.

One might imagine this to be my first experience with death. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Death had been presented to me naturally and beautifully when I was seven. My wise preacher-father had insisted, over Mother's objections, on my accompanying him when he went to console the parents of a baby who had died.

Those were the days when the deceased was viewed at the home. The baby's tiny hands were curled in minute perfection and the expression on the small face was as though cradled in perfect sleep. I came away filled with awe at the beauty and peace in death—a feeling that has never changed.

My faith in a life after death, spun in the dreams of childhood, grew along with the unfaltering belief in

"Peeping through the last of the winter's snow in her cherished garden were her crocuses, over 200 of them. I stared in amazement."

a heavenly father with loving arms and a comforting lap for children.

Then on a summer morning in my 11th year, my armor was split wide open. Flu invaded the household; Mother was the first to fall under it. Before she had recovered, Father and I took to our beds. Mother, with customary disregard for herself, saw no solution but to leave her bed and nurse us—and so she suffered a serious relapse.

I REMEMBER clearly the doctor's hurried call and worried face. I stood outside the closed door of her room, straining my ears to hear the low-voiced conversation within. No words reached me, but the solemn murmur struck terror in my heart.

When the door finally opened, I caught a frightening glimpse of Mother's face, spent and white against her pillow. The sickening fear that sprang into my throat grew to immense proportions. Mother couldn't die! Heaven was a place where other people could shake hands with St. Peter, but not Mother. I needed her now; I would always need her as long as I lived. That night I lay awake in the dark, afraid for the first time of the God who, someday, would take Mother away.

After a long period of convalescence, Mother finally regained her health. But the chink in my armor was never mended. No one knew about it but me, and I lived with it by ignoring its presence except at bedtime when, without exception, the last of my prayer was always, "and please keep Mother safe."

This feeling lay buried in me all through the maturing years and on into the time when I was married and the mother of two children. My prayers changed as my maturity changed, but that last fervent appeal, born out of fear, remained the same.

Mother's life had been a pattern of service, given quietly and willingly, with no thought of reward. If anyone in the world earned a place of peace and rest, she did.

Eventually after she and Father retired from a long and active ministry, her health began to show the strain of her unstinting years of helping others. The feeling within me became stronger as I watched her, white-haired now and slightly stooped, greeting me at her doorstep with, "Come in and I'll make us a cup of tea."

When we passed the church cemetery where she and Dad had purchased a lot and she joked about the day she would be there close to the church music, I grew cold to the very depths of my soul. Fear, the unwelcome guest who had entered my heart that day long ago, commanded a greater and greater place within me, crowding out everything else.

Then the day I had dreaded so many years arrived. In the morning she was talking to me on the phone; two hours later she was in the throes of a fatal stroke. As I kept a lonely vigil in her room, listening to her labored breathing, I knew the hole in my armor could no longer be ignored.

God and I faced each other in that hospital room that night. With hands clenched, I implored him not to take her from me. I reminded him that anything was possible through faith —even as a grain of mustard seed— and I had that faith. Then I tried bargaining with him—the sacrifice of my sight, of anything, if she could remain with me.

But this was no bargaining God I faced. Wise and patient, he stood watching his disobedient child, swallowed up in her own fear, and let the sands of a life quietly run through his fingers. When the first streaks of dawn appeared, he reached down and lifted the sweet spirit out of her tired body while I, heartbroken and bowed down, stood helpless to hold her with earthly bonds. . . .

This was the answer for which I had come on this chill, wind-swept Easter morning. If I had to give her up, I wanted to believe that she would live in the shelter of a love greater even than mine. Had she not once told me, "When I am gone, don't mourn me long or you will spoil my heaven"?

The rooms of her house were worse than empty. They were filled with a nameless vacuum as if she had never permeated them with Christian love. There was no answer to be found in this place. The silence bore down on me with a weight too great to bear and I fled out the back door, praying in my desperation, "God, give me a sign. Give me just one sign."

When I turned away from the door, the scene that met my eyes stopped me short. Peeping through the last of the winter's snow in her cherished garden were her crocuses, over 200 of them. I stared in amazement at the hardened clods of earth where a few days before there had been nothing but bleakness. The glory of their lavender and white and yellow spilled out over all the borders and into every corner.

These were her flowers, planted by her gentle hands and tended lovingly. These little, dried-up, brown bulbs, tucked away in the soil from which man himself was created, had sprung forth in their yearly resurrection, guided by God's loving hand.

This was the sign for which I had prayed out of the depths of my mortal grief. At that moment, it finally came to me that the glory of rebirth awaits merely the touch of God's hand, as much in the unknown afterlife as in the known present.

Just as I knew God had made the seemingly dead crocus bulbs send forth the shoots of new life, so I now knew that my mother was entering a new relationship with God—one which was beyond mortal sight, but not beyond mortal belief.

"God, forgive my unbelief," I prayed out of my humility. If my shortsighted, mortal love had surrounded this one, beloved person in my life, how much greater was the love of a heavenly father who cared for the lowly sparrow, the lilies of the field, and his belligerent children! This was the love to which she had been commended. Would I, if I could, hold her back from its immortal radiance?

I REACHED up and touched the tears of relief which streaked my face. There would be times of grief ahead, but fear, my unwelcome companion for 18 years, had taken his departure. By her death, God had cast me into the fire of my own unbelief and recast me into a mold of New faith. As I left, I remembered one of Mother's favorite Bible verses, 1 Corinthians 13:12: "For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall understand fully, even as I have been fully understood." I knew I'd never doubt again.

As a youth he had two dreams: being a preacher and providing

Books for the Backwoods

Labor of love: Mr. and Mrs. Willie Lee Buffington help unpack some of the numerous books donated to the Faith Cabin Libraries.

By HERMAN STYLER

WILLIE LEE Buffington's childhood playmates in Saluda County, S.C., used to call him "Cotton Top" for the simple reason that he had blond hair which set him apart from his friends. They, unlike Willie Lee, were Negroes. But mostly they kidded him about wanting to be a preacher when he grew up.

Willie Lee was nine years old when he first met "Uncle Eury" Simpkins, a Negro schoolteacher. Here was one person who didn't laugh when Willie Lee said he wanted to be a preacher. Uncle Eury knew a youngster's dreams weren't to be scoffed at, and encouraged the boy. The two became fast friends.

The future, however, held dark days for the Buffington family. Willie Lee was about halfway through high school when the farm failed; and to help support his mother, a brother, and five sisters, he quit school to work with his father in a sawmill crew. For five years, the two followed the mill from one clearing to another, earning little more than was needed to feed, clothe, and shelter the family.

Then came an unexpected opportunity. Willie Lee's father learned of a school in Georgia where a poor boy could work his way.

"If you want to go, Son," he said, "I'll spare you somehow."

Two months later, Willie Lee enrolled in Martha Berry School in Rome, Ga. He was 300 miles from home and had $2.80 in his pocket.

For a while, he drove the school trash wagon to earn money. Then one day the principal saw him on his hands and knees reading the "trash"—old newspapers and magazines. He had been clipping them, making scrapbooks, and sending them home to Uncle Eury.

The principal said nothing, but the next day Willie Lee was promoted to the library. He fairly gasped at the number of books—books on every subject, wonderful books to read and enjoy. As he read hungrily, he remembered his friends back home who had no books and little to be happy about. If only he could get books for them!

Every month, a letter arrived from Uncle Eury. Inside would be a dollar

bill, never more, never less. Yet it meant much. It meant love and courage. And Willie wrote in reply, "Someday, I'll pay it all back."

At the age of 19 he was forced by illness to return home, again without finishing school. Some men might then have pushed a childhood dream forever out of mind. Not Willie. He went to work with his father in a nearby textile plant—and began teaching a Methodist church-school class at Ninety Six, S.C.

One day, Uncle Eury invited him to the dedication of a new three-room school building, financed by the Julius Rosenwald Fund. Uncle Eury was the principal. The two men joined a crowd touring the sunny rooms and listened as others heaped praise on the project. But Willie was looking for something.

"Where are the books, Uncle Eury?" he finally asked. The old man couldn't answer. At that time, the state didn't furnish books for Negro children, and few parents could afford to buy them.

Depressed, Willie Lee could scarcely work the following day. On his way home from the mill, he was still torn between anger at the injustice and a sense of futility, since there seemed to be nothing he could do. He fingered a lone dime in his pocket.

Ahead of him he saw the post office. Suddenly he had an idea: *Now he could pay back Uncle Eury!*

Willie Lee went home and wrote to five people, asking each to donate a book for the children. If they couldn't spare a book, he wrote, would they please return a stamp so he could write to someone else.

Four people never answered, but the fifth did—with 1,000 books! Dr. L. H. King, pastor of St. Mark's Methodist Church in New York and later a bishop, had appealed to his congregation from the pulpit—and response was nearly overwhelming.

When the books arrived at the Edgefield railroad station, Willie Lee was ecstatic. Yet there were far too many books to house in the little school. Where could they be kept safely?

Neither Willie Lee nor Uncle Eury had the answer. So they piled all the books into an old open car and drove to the church, where they stacked the books near the altar. Then they called a community meeting and presented the problem.

At last count, Willie Lee Buffington's dream had resulted in 108 community libraries. Here, in a light, airy setting that's a far cry from the first crude log cabin, an Ocilla, Ga., librarian shows her student assistant the proper way to check books in and out.

The people listened—then they acted. Plum Branch Community would have a library!

Money for even a modest building was not available, but that was no obstacle. Everyone offered help, even women and children. White landowners donated trees which the men cut down and hauled to the sawmill. They traded surplus lumber for windows and hardware.

In a short time, the log-cabin library stood in a pine grove near the school. It was 18 by 22 feet, had a rock chimney, a large fireplace, and chairs made of barrel staves covered with gay cretonnes. An old piano was cut down for use as a reading table, and the books were stacked on shelves. Kerosene lamps were installed to light the cabin at night, since it was five miles from a power line.

Someone suggested it be called the Faith Cabin Library, because it had been built by faith. Fittingly, Eury Simpkins became the first librarian. And above the fireplace Willie Lee hung a wooden sign with a single word inscribed on it: "Others."

Since that first log-cabin library was built on a dream and a dime nearly 30 years ago, 108 others have been constructed in South Carolina and Georgia. The Faith Cabin Libraries have been hailed as an inspiring and dramatic example of how Negroes and whites can work together.

Willie Lee Buffington had seen one dream come true, and now he dreamed some more. He began to tour the country, telling his story and asking for more books. Touched by his soft voice and genuine sincerity, many civic groups and colleges joined the drive. At times the response was so overwhelming that new libraries couldn't be built rapidly enough to house donated books. They rolled in by truck and train, from people in all walks of life.

The town of Catskill, N.Y., staged a drive for all "unused" books in the area. Within a few weeks, 10,000 volumes were donated by the citizens

of Catskill and Greene County, N.Y., to the citizens of Jones County, Ga. Thus far, more than 250,000 books have found their way south and are being read by many who never owned a book before and who, while attending school years ago, may have shared one text with 30 others.

When Willie Lee finally finished high school (at the age of 26), he was already married and the father of two children. Three links in his chain of libraries had been completed.

He almost had decided to shelve permanently his early desire to become a preacher.

It was then that Dr. B. E. Geer, at the time president of Furman University in Greenville, S.C., heard of Willie Lee and the Faith Cabin project. Dr. Geer invited the young man to enroll at Furman, and Willie Lee promptly did. But he continued building libraries.

"I am pressed for time," he wrote a friend. "It is more or less of a job to be a husband, father, college student, director of the Faith Cabin Library, and work on week ends in a grocery store."

But he kept at it. During his freshman year, he was invited to Oberlin College in Ohio to speak. When he finished, students and professors dug up enough books for him to open the Oberlin unit of the expanding library chain at Seneca, S.C.

In Iowa City, Willie Lee aroused such enthusiasm among the people that thousands contributed. Newspapers gave tremendous amounts of space to the mild-mannered white man who came to plead for his Negro friends. The original goal of 2,000 volumes from Iowans was reached easily. Then it was passed. Then it was reached and passed again. Iowa City had opened its heart.

School children secured 500 volumes and money for freight. Folks from surrounding towns came with books under their arms. The city library repaired those that needed mending; business firms contributed boxes for shipping and sent men to do the packing.

"It was really something," recalls the Rev. Casper C. Garrigues, president of the Iowa City Ministerial Association, which sponsored the drive. "The need of the appeal was so great, the asking so modest. It impressed me as seldom I have been impressed."

Ten thousand books and 1,500 magazines were on the way to the cotton fields. Bettis Academy, near Trenton, S.C., where the Iowa City unit was to stand, already had started a building, but decided to provide a fireproof structure instead.

And members of the Methodist Woman's Society of Christian Service pitched in magnificently. The North Indiana Conference spent an entire year gathering books. After publicizing the project throughout the Midwest with a letter barrage, they sent thousands of volumes to Swainsboro, Ga.

Queens Village, N.Y., with all races and creeds working together, campaigned with the slogan, "Ten Thousand Books in Ten Weeks"—and succeeded.

The record for a single collection was made by Albert H. Stamm of Stryker, Ohio, a crippled veteran of World War I, who toured four counties pleading the cause of the Faith Cabin Libraries. He collected four tons of books.

Dartmouth College in Hanover, N.H., responded with such a frenzied drive that the students' lockers were virtually cleaned out. Boy Scouts with pushcarts and bicycles canvassed the town. From college dormitories came 400 textbooks and an encyclopedia. The Hanover-Dartmouth unit of the Faith Cabin chain is in Easley, S.C. The Dartmouth Christian Union still supports the work. Last year it shipped 3,300 pounds of books.*

Willie Lee graduated from Furman in 1938 at the age of 30. He received a Bachelor of Divinity degree from Crozer Theological Seminary and a Master of Arts from the University of Pennsylvania in 1942. During much of this time he supported his family by working in a shipyard.

After graduation, he taught for a while at Benedict College, a Baptist school for Negroes in Columbia, S.C. He's now assistant professor of sociology at Paine College—a Methodist-related school for Negro youth—in Augusta, Ga. Long one of the South's leading colleges, it has an interracial faculty.

On November 13, 1958, in New York City, the Rev. William Lee Buffington received the $1,000 Individual Lane Bryant Award "in recognition of exceptional voluntary efforts which have advanced the welfare of the American home and the community." It was a fitting tribute to a lifetime of devotion to others.

This year, from April 12 to 19, the emphasis on National Library Week will remind us once again of the many great institutions across the land that house our cultural heritage. For countless dark-skinned youngsters in the South, it will undoubtedly mean a personal tribute to a man who, through many years, has forged more than 100 links in a golden chain of libraries.

* *If you have books you no longer use and wish to donate them to Mr. Buffington, send them to Faith Cabin Library, Paine College, Augusta, Ga. He'll accept one or 1,000.*—EDS.

The first Faith Cabin Library: It still operates near Edgefield, S.C., but concrete steps have replaced wooden ones which wore out.

Atoms into Plowshares

By JOHN H. MARTIN, Atomic Physicist
As told to Herman B. Teeter

ON DECEMBER 2, 1942, in a crude laboratory under the west grandstand of the University of Chicago's football stadium, the Atomic Age was born when scientists achieved the first controlled, self-sustaining nuclear chain reaction. Less than three years later, the Pandora's box they had pried open released the horror of Hiroshima.

Today, most people still think of atomic energy as primarily a destructive force. I want to tell you the other side of the story.

Here at Argonne National Laboratory, only 25 miles from the birthplace of the Atomic Age, more than 1,000 scientists are hammering the double-edged sword of atomic power into plowshares. We believe our work will help cut the ties which bind millions to want, hunger, and fear, rather than sever the roots of civilization.

Outwardly, Argonne looks little different from any vast industrial complex. Its more than 100 buildings sprawl across 3,700 wooded, rolling acres on the southwest edge of Chicago. Here and there, giant spheres loom among the structures of brick, board, and steel. Yet behind thick walls of solid steel, atoms are being put to work—for man's benefit.

Inside the buildings, you would find hundreds of ordinary-looking offices, some laboratories looking very much like science-fiction movie sets, experimental greenhouses, and even one area filled with barnyard fowls and animals.

A staff biologist tells me that as many as 60,000 rats, mice, dogs, chickens, guinea pigs, parakeets, and electric eels are here on the grounds, ready for use in research projects. Asked for a more exact count, he shakes his head. "With rabbits and mice," he says, "you can't tell. It changes hourly."

Recently, I conducted a minister and a group of religion writers and editors on a tour of the installations here. To them, the chickens, rats, and mice seemed prosaic tools of research. But our work with those brooding hens with drooping feathers may someday prove as rewarding as all the giant missiles blasted beyond earth's gravity. From our experiments with the white rats, we may gain knowledge of greater worth than that gained from all the A-bomb tests.

It can be argued that bombs still are necessary to maintain the balance in this precarious world, but I think the key to the future will be forged in such places as Argonne and Brookhaven, Long Island, not at Cape Canaveral. The best we can expect from peace secured by threat of destruction is time to find lasting solutions to world problems.

As a physicist working at Argonne, which is operated by the University of Chicago for the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, I feel I am engaged in one of the most challenging scientific adventures of the age. We are dealing with the building blocks of the universe; with electrons, protons, neutrons, nuclei, with things so tiny that 10 million million of them in a row would span barely half an inch.

Much of our work at Argonne is in the realm of pure research, with no practical applications now in sight. But we also are engaged in designing and perfecting atomic power plants, and in applied research which is opening up new avenues of progress in physics, medicine, chemistry, biology, zoology, agriculture, engineering, and metallurgy.

The fight of the scientific community to find and perfect peaceful uses for atomic power is being pushed with the same dedication and fervor as the race to outdo Russia in missile production and space achievement. Our efforts may lack the drama of a bomb wiping a Pacific atoll off the map or of a missile-launching submarine gliding unseen around the globe, but they hold far greater promise for you and me.

Although the atom is invisible, infinitely tiny, its benefits already are being tested and applied in laboratories and hospitals. At agricultural experiment stations, radioisotopes are blended into fertilizer and used to determine how efficiently the fertilizer is taken up by growing plants. Similar tracers are used to learn what minerals and chemicals should be added to the diet of livestock to keep them healthy and productive. Tests prove radiation kills insects which infest stored grain. Someday granaries will be free of these pests, saving millions of dollars worth of food each year. The problem of agricultural overproduction in this country must be solved by means other than scientific. We cannot cease to progress simply because there are surpluses.

In a matter of weeks or months, mice—whose reactions often approximate our own—pass through life cycles equivalent to 80 years of life for man. Since excessive radiation can induce cancer, scientists use rodents to

Dr. John H. Martin is a former missionary-teacher who now is devoting his energies to research into peaceful uses of atomic energy. He helped build an atom-smashing cyclotron while studying for an advanced degree at Indiana University, and received a Ph.D. in physics from Washington University of St. Louis in 1949. He spent the next four years in Lahore, West Pakistan, teaching at Forman Christian College. Returning to the U.S., he joined the Argonne staff. He is now lay leader of Faith Methodist Church, Lisle, Ill., where he also teaches an adult Bible class.

study tumor formation and growth. I saw the hair of one mouse turn white after exposure, while that of its brother—which did not receive radiation—remained normal. Some treated mice age prematurely; others go blind when subjected to gamma rays from radioactive cobalt.

Already we have learned much about the effects of radiation on living tissue, and how to curb them. We've observed, for instance, that radiation effects are delayed or reduced in hibernating animals. Perhaps this knowledge could someday provide a clue which will help us protect man from the effects of radiation.

One of the long-range goals of nuclear science is artificial production of food. Already the pesky cocklebur has given us a clue as to how we might control crops.

When I was growing up on an Indiana farm, I often observed the cockleburs crowding in at the edges of my father's corn field. I wondered why cockleburs always seemed to sense the coming of the first frost and produced their seeds before snow blanketed the fields. Even young plants shared this characteristic with mature ones.

Thirty years later, visiting the radioactive greenhouse here at Argonne where scientists feed radioactive carbon dioxide to plants, I was amazed to see row after row of carefully cultivated cockleburs. For what reason would sane scientists want to encourage and study this pesky freeloader of the plant world?

I was told that botanists want to know the secret of the cocklebur's seeming ability to read the calendar. The cocklebur, they had found, is sensitive to darkness as well as light. When autumn approaches and nights become longer, something is triggered inside the plant. Perhaps it is a hormone. All scientists have to do now is isolate that hormone, or whatever it is, and test it on other, more useful plants. Someday the farmer may simply spray his crops with a hormone when he is ready to harvest, thus beating the frost, the rainy season, or a drouth. Being able to make corn mature at a chosen time would make up for all the stalks those cockleburs crowded out of my father's field!

The cocklebur, by the way, may have provided the clue to its own destruction. It was learned that the cocklebur will not seed if an electric light is turned on—even for only a few seconds—to interrupt the long hours of darkness.

Uncle Sam is pouring millions of dollars a year into this fight—not the fight against our fellow men, but the battle against poverty, disease, and fear.

Argonne's physical plant presently is valued at $88 million, and the equipment is worth another $42.7 million. I now am helping to plan and build a huge machine called the Zero Gradient Synchrotron which alone will cost $42 million.

This machine is shaped like a doughnut and measures 200 feet from rim to rim. Around this circular tube we will fire subatomic particles at speeds nearing that of light, which travels some 186,000 miles a second. These particles will smash into others and form many strange new particles.

Radiation from these experiments will be so intense that, as a safety precaution, we will shield the synchrotron behind 50 feet of earth.

In similar machines elsewhere, chipping away at the nucleus of the atom, scientists have come to suspect the existence of at least 30 different kinds of building blocks. Several of these have very strange properties, and others we have not yet proved to exist. Some of these particles live for less than a thousandth of a millionth of a second. Can you imagine a period of time so brief? Is it not as incomprehensible as eternity itself?

How do we know such particles even exist? Certainly we don't see them. We see where they have been—mere streaks across photographic film. Shall we say these particles do not exist, simply because we cannot see them? It would be as reasonable to say God doesn't exist, just because he hasn't been seen by finite eyes!

At Argonne, we deal in particles so small they cannot be seen, heard, or felt. Yet the vistas they open are so great as to defy imagination. Here smokeless, flameless atomic fires burn in giant reactors, heating water to produce steam and power. There is a pool of demineralized water so clear you don't know where water begins and air ends. It turns a baleful blue when gamma radiation penetrates submerged urns to produce oranges which won't rot, potatoes that don't sprout, bread which doesn't mold, and steak that won't spoil after months at room temperature.

Eventually we will pursue the tiny atom into a better, more fruitful world. In Argonne's atomic gardens, radiation alters chromosomes and genes to cause mutations, producing changes in flowers and plants which nature might take ages to accomplish. Most are only monstrous distortions, but others are rust-free oats, or peaches which ripen early.

One Argonne scientist foresees the day when radioactive tracers will replace the microscope in importance

White rats, used in medical-research projects and radiation experiments, get a careful once-over from associate biologist Miriam Finkel.

is a basic tool of research. Tracers in carefully controlled amounts will be introduced into our bodies and their progress tracked with Geiger counters to reveal the functionings of our systems.

Argonne already has developed peaceful applications of atomic energy whose significance is obvious to the layman. Argonne, for instance, designed the first reactor to produce commercial electricity. On March 31, 1953, it generated electricity for a brief period for the whole town of Arco, Idaho. In years to come, cities all across the country will derive power from this vast source.

Argonne also designed the power plant which drives the Nautilus, the world's first nuclear submarine. The Nautilus is, of course, a machine of war, but reactors similar to that which drives it someday will propel giant ships of commerce.

Even now Argonne scientists are building reactors which, as they burn easily fissionable fuel, convert other types of fuel into usable forms. Our fuel supply thus is increased manyfold.

So, as I contemplate the peaceful potential of the atom, I cannot be a pessimist. I do not envision a holocaust which will leave our earth a barren cinder in space. I see instead a scientific and ideological revolution producing a far better world than we have ever known.

Ultimately, of course, mankind itself will determine whether the atom is to be friend or enemy. It has placed a new and better world within our reach, but we must attain a higher degree of spiritual maturity before we can live without fear in it. In this, the church has a tremendous responsibility.

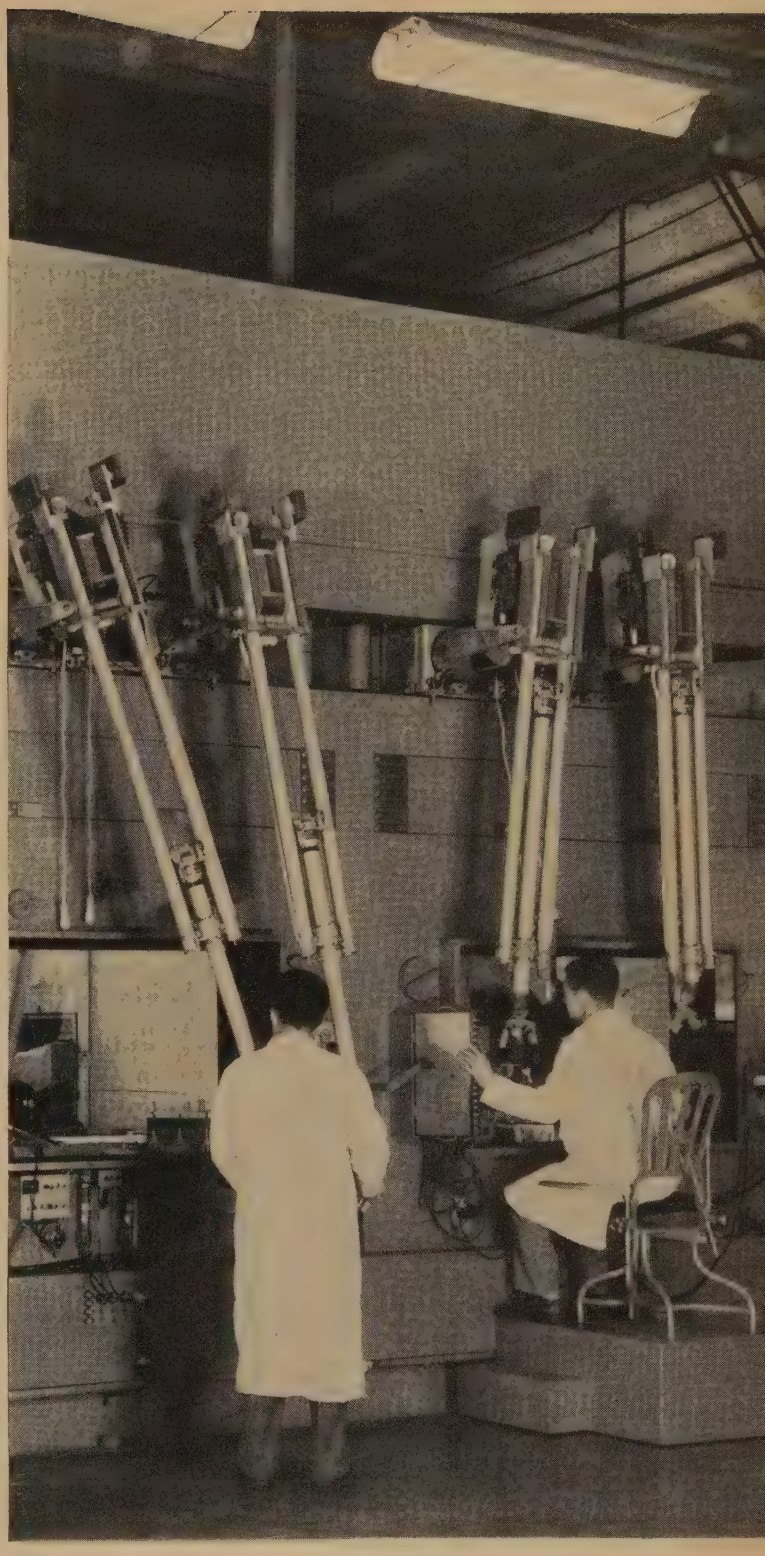
Many scientists today question whether the church is meeting the challenge, whether it is keeping abreast of the atomic age. Several times, ministers have asked me, "How are you coming with those bombs at Argonne?" Each time I have explained that we do not make bombs. But I am not sure I have convinced them, or that they realize the atom's vast potential for peace.

The church cannot prepare us for a new way of life if it is unaware of what tomorrow may bring. Suspicion of studies which probe the great mysteries of the universe can only create confusion and turn men to other philosophies. Yet such suspicions do exist among a few churchmen.

Man will not cease his endless quest for knowledge. His curiosity, born in his God-given brain, is insatiable. The more he learns, the more he wants to know. Some scientists believe man already is nearing the limit of growth of his mental capacity. Certainly his physical shape hasn't changed greatly for thousands of years.

What, then, is the next step in our development? Like the British philosopher Julian Huxley, I believe we are on the threshold of a great new adventure in the realm of human evolution. I believe this change will in some way involve the human spirit. We are not there yet, and I have no words to describe what it will be like when we get there. I am no more able to conceive what this wonderful thing might be than a dog is able to understand the workings of a nuclear reactor.

But I am sure that, as we peer into the heart of the atom, many great truths will be revealed to us. If the church is there to lead, guide, and interpret, we may someday know a closer relationship with God. If it lags behind, or regards the quest with suspicion, we may lose our way, possessing the tools but not the wisdom to build the kind of world God wants us to have. Progress in physical areas will be fruitless unless we can effect comparable growth in the realm of the human spirit.



Much of the material employed in experiments at Argonne is "hot," or radioactive, and scientists handle it with giant manipulators from outside radiation-proof "caves."

He was an executioner. Why, then, did he tremble to say:

I Saw a Man Die Today!

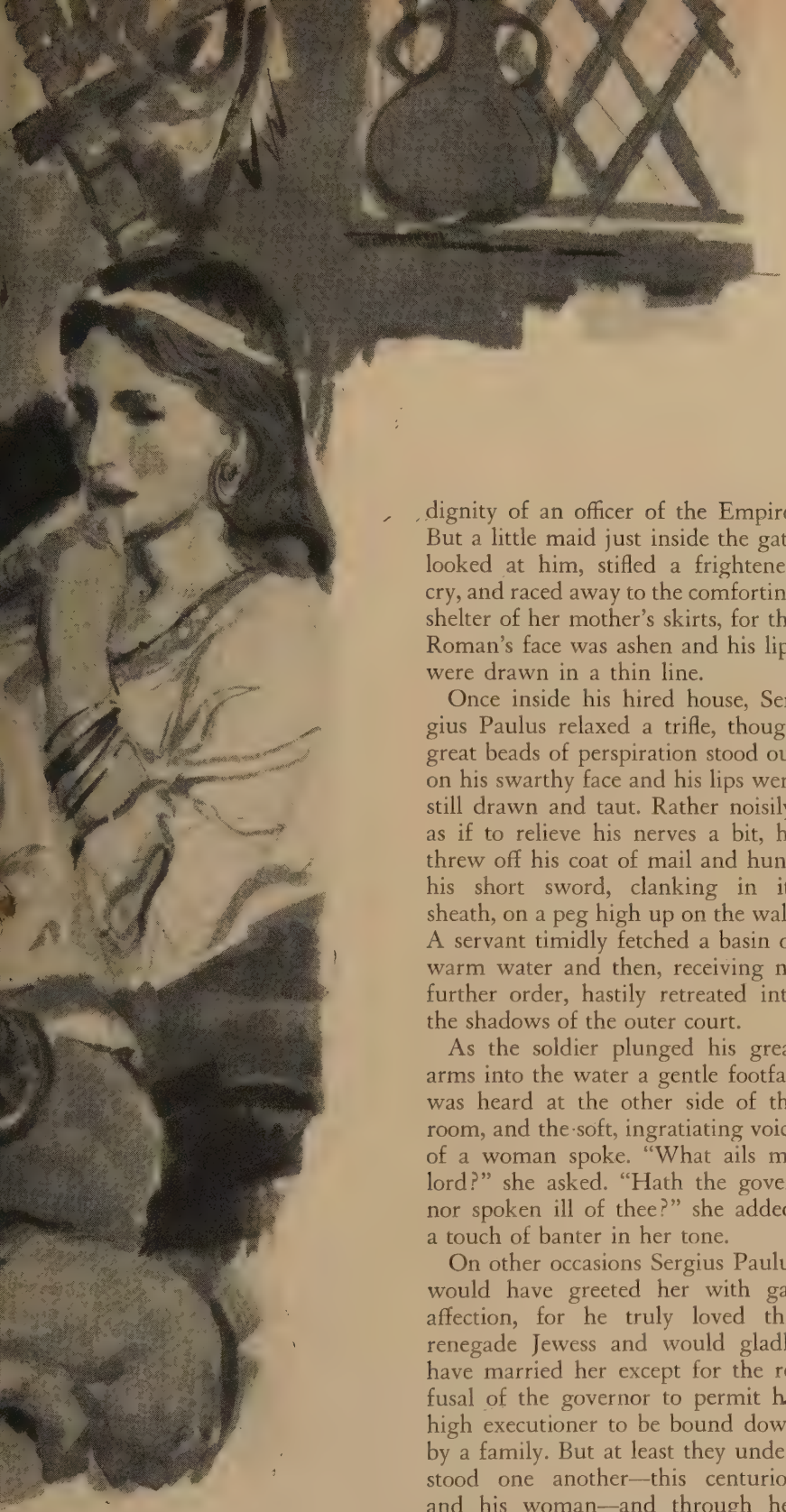
SERGIUS PAULUS was not a man to be upset easily, certainly not by the sight of blood. For 20 years he had carried a Roman sword and fought the battles of the Empire. On more than one occasion he had lain down in his armor, drenched and sticky with the blood of his enemies, and slept peacefully without a regret.

It had been his utter and complete brutality that had won for him his appointment as a centurion, at a time when Rome was in need of an overseer of crucifixions in Palestine who would not turn soft or sentimental. And for several years now Sergius Paulus had been a most satisfactory executioner.

It is not the business of executioners to be curious. But this one today had been no ordinary crucifixion. The average man condemned to death was an outlaw, a bandit, or a plain cutthroat. But this one had been no everyday criminal. The hardened and coarsened centurion had recognized that fact the moment he laid eyes on his prisoner.

That Friday itself, with its terrifying three hours of blackness, had been awful enough. But in the midst of the darkness there had come a shaking of the earth that sent the soldiers reeling and tumbling. Even the stoutest of them were left unnerved. Their long years of discipline, however, were more than equal to the terror, and they soon had the situation well in hand again. The man on the cross had died shortly before sundown.

It was over now; and as the powerful Roman centurion, with bulging arms and thighs like trunks of trees, strode down the street and turned in through the little narrow gate in the stonewall, he walked with all the



"Thou hast spoken truly, Miriam. Killing is my business. . . . But this was no ordinary man. May the gods protect me! I, who never quailed before, tremble to think of it!"

dignity of an officer of the Empire. But a little maid just inside the gate looked at him, stifled a frightened cry, and raced away to the comforting shelter of her mother's skirts, for the Roman's face was ashen and his lips were drawn in a thin line.

Once inside his hired house, Sergius Paulus relaxed a trifle, though great beads of perspiration stood out on his swarthy face and his lips were still drawn and taut. Rather noisily, as if to relieve his nerves a bit, he threw off his coat of mail and hung his short sword, clanking in its sheath, on a peg high up on the wall. A servant timidly fetched a basin of warm water and then, receiving no further order, hastily retreated into the shadows of the outer court.

As the soldier plunged his great arms into the water a gentle footfall was heard at the other side of the room, and the soft, ingratiating voice of a woman spoke. "What ails my lord?" she asked. "Hath the governor spoken ill of thee?" she added, a touch of banter in her tone.

On other occasions Sergius Paulus would have greeted her with gay affection, for he truly loved this renegade Jewess and would gladly have married her except for the refusal of the governor to permit his high executioner to be bound down by a family. But at least they understood one another—this centurion and his woman—and through her connections he had kept in touch with many a band of disturbers in the city.

Tonight, however, he was in no mood for jest or pretty speeches. Even the beautiful Miriam could not take away his gloom.

It was a quiet meal the two had together, as silent as it was simple—a plate of roast fowl, some fresh pomegranates, a bit of cheese. And when the food was eaten, Sergius Paulus rose from the little oaken stool upon which he had been seated, strode over to the latticed window, and stared gloomily out into the night.

For a moment or two Miriam watched him closely, a deep frown of puzzled bewilderment lining her beautiful face. At last she arose, slipped across the room, and, standing beside him, eased a warm hand into the crook of his bare arm. "What meaneth this strange mood, Sergius?" she asked softly. "Thy countenance bespeaks something evil."

With that the great fellow turned and, looking intently into the face of the girl, said, "Miriam, I saw a man die today." In his voice there was stark terror.

"But that is thy business, Sergius!" the girl exclaimed. "Hast thou not crucified men by the score?"

"But this one was different. I never saw a man die like he did." And Sergius' voice trailed off like the last low rumblings of a distant storm. There was something in it that forbade Miriam to speak further.

After some minutes the man slipped his arm gently about the shoulders of the girl and led her away to a low couch, beside which stood the brazier glowing with coals, for there was a bit of chill in the air. The couch was piled high with soft pillows, and before the brazier was a rich rug from the East which Sergius had taken from a crafty

READER'S CHOICE

At Easter, our thoughts fly back through the centuries to a hill outside Jerusalem. *I Saw a Man Die Today!* by TOGETHER contributing editor Roy L. Smith, takes us sensitively and realistically to that crucial time. The *Christian Advocate* printed it in April of 1941, and Doris Reed, Quaker City, Ohio, was first to ask that we reprint it. For this, she'll receive $25. What's your favorite story at least five years old? To nominate it, send full publication data plus a copy if one is available.—EDS.

merchant who had tried to conceal some rare gems from the customs gatherer. Gently, he helped her to the couch, then slowly settled himself on its edge.

Resting his chin on his massive hands, the centurion sat staring into the darkest corner of the room. He was silent for some minutes, and then said:

"Thou hast spoken truly, Miriam. Killing is my business. And I have watched full many a foul fellow die upon Rome's crosses. But this was no ordinary man. May the gods protect me! I, who never quailed before, tremble to think of it!"

"Tell me about it, my lord. Trust me with thy heart." All the banter was gone now from the girl's soft voice.

"He was from Galilee. The people called him a prophet and told strange tales about him." It was evident that Sergius was having some difficulty in making it plain even to himself.

"Six days ago he came down to the feast, raised a tumult in the Temple, drove the sheep and the oxen out, overturned the tables of the money changers, and incited a riot. The priests say he preached some strange doctrine. But of that I know nothing, for no Roman can understand these things."

"Curses upon the priests and their strange doctrines!" Miriam muttered bitterly under her breath.

"I KNOW not by what means they took him," the centurion went on, "but when I arrived at Pilate's judgment hall this morning his trial was on. It must have been about sunrise. Marcus, the high priest's servant, told me that his masters had spent the whole night hearing evidence and plotting the man's death. When morning came they appealed to Pilate to confirm their sentence.

"He seemed a gentle fellow, and three times the governor examined him and could find no fault in him. But because of their tumult, and because there was a danger that the city might be incited to riot, Pilate gave them their will and delivered him over to me, along with two thieves, to be crucified.

"Miriam," the soldier repeated, his voice hushed with awe, "I never saw a man die like he did." And the rough fellow's hand crushed the delicate fingers of the girl in a grasp that left even his own knuckles white as wax.

"From the moment when first we stretched him out upon his cross and drove the nails through his hands, until the moment when he cried with a loud voice and died, not one curse or moan came from him. The thieves who hung near him, one at his right and the other at his left, split the very sky with their ravings and maledictions. But this man uttered not a cry.

"One never knows what to expect from these Jews. Today they were mad, shrieking and jeering like devils. I never saw such hatred. Some of them spat upon him. They all railed at him. And then, suddenly, as if one of the gods had wiped out the sun, that terrible blackness came over the earth, and the ground rolled under our feet like the waves of the sea. I can feel the sickness in my inward parts yet. The Jews told me afterward that the veil in their Temple was rent from top to bottom. But that man upon the cross spake scarcely a word that could be heard above the loud tumult.

"Only once he cried—then to say, 'I thirst.' But when they lifted up the sponge filled with vinegar and gall which the gentle women of Jerusalem provide to deaden the pain, he shook his head and refused to drink.

"I tell you, woman, there was something majestic about him. I have heard the curses of the dying for 20 years, but I never saw a man meet death with such divine calm.

"The crowd made good sport of it. The priests taunted him. 'He trusted in God,' they cried. 'Let Him deliver him now!' But he paid them no heed, save to say, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!' And I never expect to see such a light on another face again.

"Only once did he seem to weaken. That was when he cried out, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' But it was not long afterward that he was quiet, and before he died I heard him say, 'Into Thy hands I commend my spirit.' "

Sergius dropped his great head in his hands and his giant frame shook with emotion. "I cannot believe he is dead. Such a man cannot die."

"Who was he, Sergius?" Now the voice of Miriam had in it something of the awe which had shaken her lover.

"All I know," he replied, "is what I read on the inscription which Pilate caused to be nailed to the cross above his head. It is the law, you know—his name and his crime. The writing was 'JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS.' "

At that Miriam shuddered, and a cry escaped her lips.

AT HER cry Sergius turned anxiously toward her. "What dost thou mean, fair one?" The girl, he told himself, had strange moods at times. Especially of late she had seemed very unhappy.

But Miriam was close-lipped now. She could not trust herself to tell Sergius the strange tales she had overheard about the young prophet of Galilee who had shown himself a friend of sinners. Nor could she tell him about her friend who, not long ago, had been dragged through the streets and thrown at the Galilean's feet, and to whom he had spoken kindly: "Go in peace . . ."

Sergius watched her intently for a moment and then dropped off into silence. But his breathing was labored, and now and then he whispered words—strange, disconnected words—and it was as if he were bringing them up out of the deeps of his soul:

"Behold thy mother . . . thy son . . . Forgive them . . . they know not . . . This day . . . with me . . . paradise . . . My God, my God . . . forsaken . . . Into thy hands . . . my spirit . . . It is finished!"

At last he leaned toward the girl and spoke, and each whispered word was weighted with fervent, reverential awe:

"Miriam, no man ever died like that before. No man ever prayed for the forgiveness of his enemies. He believed in God. You should have seen him die!"

Gathering himself and standing at his full height, with arms outstretched as if he were spanning his own cross, the centurion said—and there was the conviction of the ages in his words:

"Surely . . . surely . . . *This man must have been the Son of God!*"

Our Easter Sunday

With his colored chalk and words of faith, a farmer-pastor helped frontier families understand the meaning of this triumphant holy day.

By EDGAR McGOWAN

MY FIRST EASTER in a "church" was a brisk April Sunday many years ago in a pioneer area of eastern Colorado. I was only six, but that day still is etched in my memory.

On previous Easter mornings I had been roused from bed and told that someplace near our sod house I would find a nest of colored eggs, presumably left by a rabbit. Easter was one day of the year when we feasted on eggs. At other times, struggling ranchers and farmers sold their eggs to pay for necessities.

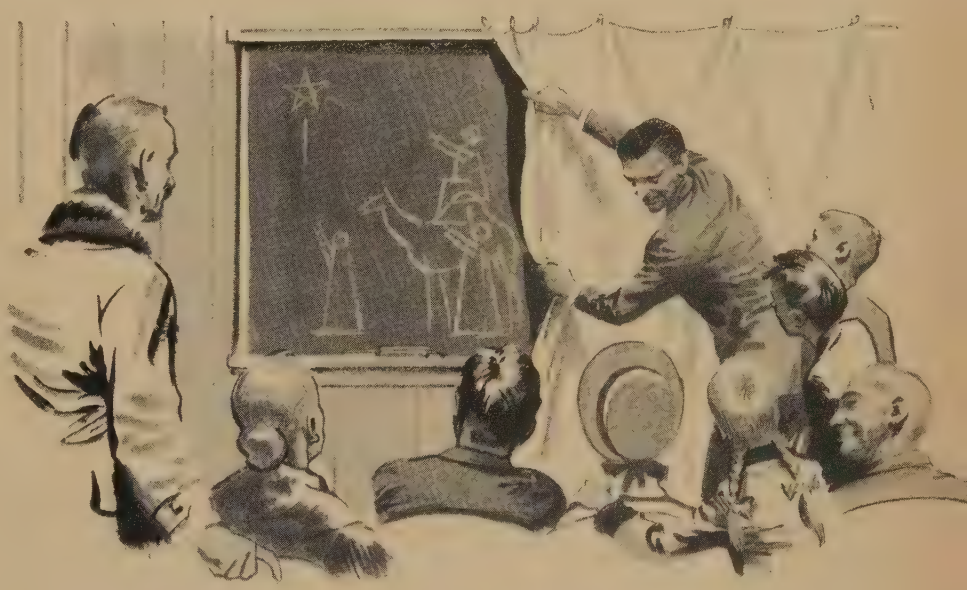
In January of the year I recall, a Mr. Trent, his wife, and three children moved into our rural neighborhood to homestead 160 acres. A frail-looking man, Mr. Trent hired others to build his sod house and barn.

In early spring he called at our house to invite us to religious services in the sod schoolhouse on Easter Sunday. There were no churches in the neighborhood and few Bibles. Mr. Trent asked us to pass the invitation along, especially to children.

The word spread and when Easter arrived, people flocked to the school. There were seats for only a few; the rest stood. Welcome heat from the potbellied stove cut the chill air.

The Trents sat before a long blackboard covered with three white sheets. When time came for the service to begin, Mr. Trent rose and welcomed us. "In the short time I have been among you," he said, "I have seen the need for a church in which we would worship our Lord. This is Easter Sunday and I asked you to come here that we might help each other and our children understand the meaning of Easter."

He reached up and unpinned the sheet on our left. As it fell, children and elders gasped. There, pictured in colored chalk, were the Wise Men following the Star of Bethlehem. Next he showed us the Christ Child in the manger.



He reached up and unpinned the sheet. . . . Children and elders gasped. There were the Wise Men following the Star of Bethlehem.

"These are pictures of Christ at the time of his birth," Mr. Trent began, telling the story in detail. Then he took away the second sheet. "The picture here is of the Savior as he was growing up. The next one is the Lord's Supper, when he was with his disciples."

He unpinned the last sheet. "And this shows Christ on the cross when he was crucified between two thieves. Christ was crucified during the Jewish Passover, on the day now known as Good Friday. The last drawing shows the sepulcher from which Christ arose on the third day, which was Sunday, now called Easter.

"Easter eggs are a symbol of life that is about to be born. Purple eggs signify royalty—Christ the King. Red signifies the color of the blood of redemption. And the Easter rabbit is symbolic of abundant life.

"There is something else I would like to tell you, too. I am an ordained minister of the Gospel."

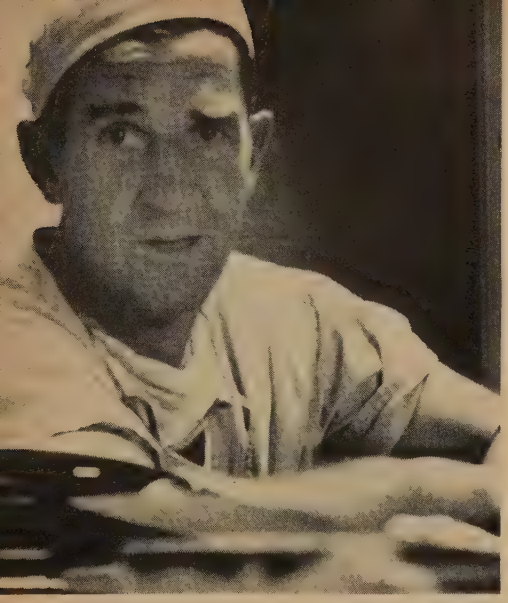
His brief sermon was beautiful in its simplicity. Then Mr. Trent told the boys and girls—all of whom now had a new understanding of Easter—to go outside and search the grass for Easter-egg nests. "One nest for each child," he cautioned. "And hurry; it has started to snow."

The grownups looked on as we scampered around, finding skillfully woven nests of grass and then carrying the nests and eggs back to the school through the steadily falling snow.

Thanks to Mr. Trent, the experience is as fresh in my memory today as were the soft, white flakes when they spilled silently out of the sky that long-ago Easter morn.

People Called Methodist, No. 16 in a Series:

Harry Guffee



It's a far cry from sterile hospital garb to jeans, jeep, boots and saddle—but here's a man who knows the way!

BETWEEN office and hospital, the doctor drives an automobile. Off main roads, a jeep. When the going gets rough, he saddles up the Tennessee quarter horse he hauls in a trailer behind the jeep. Then, if his horse can't make it, he walks. And if the creek's high—well, he can swim!

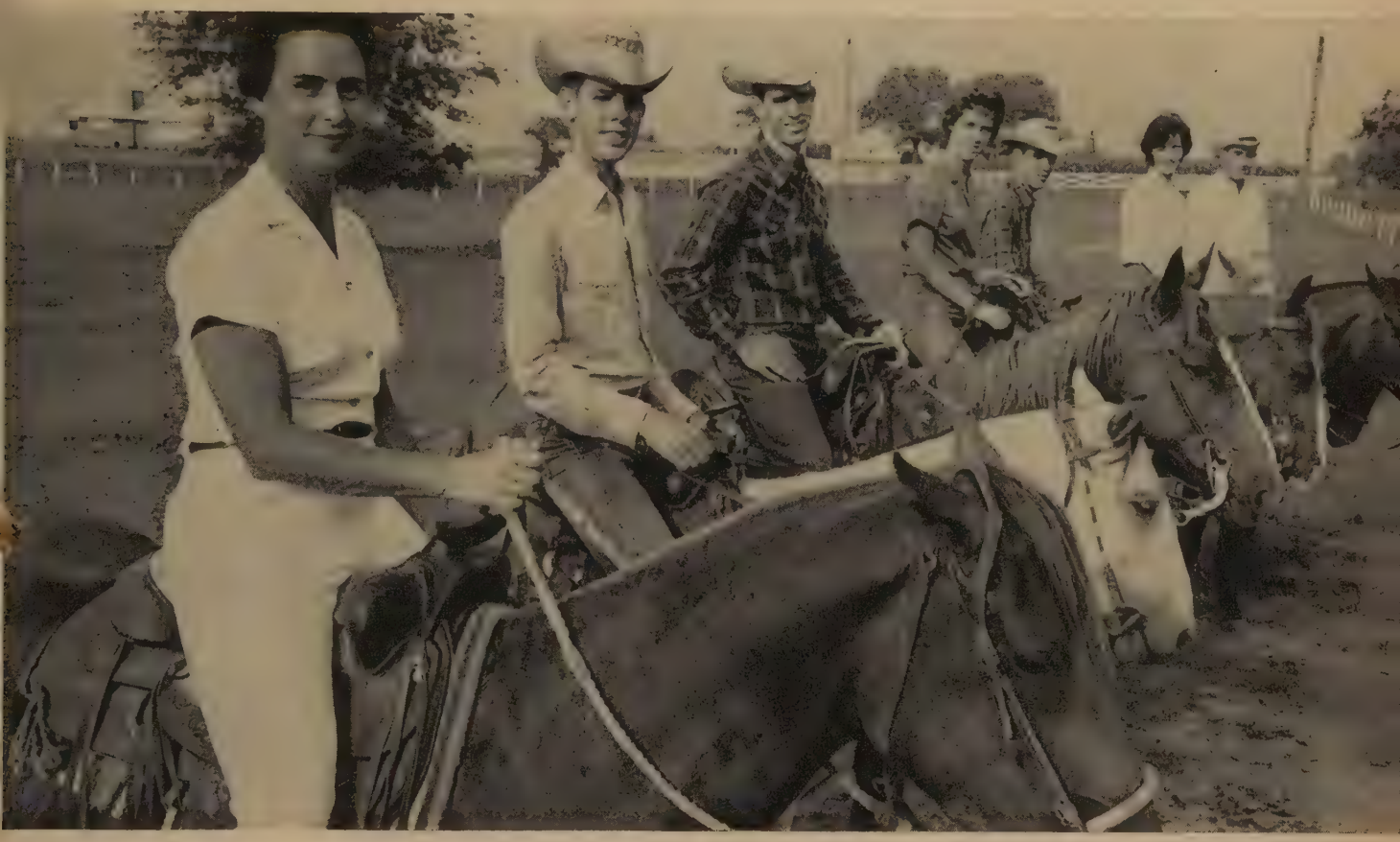
Dr. Harry Guffee's determination on a mission of healing or aid to the distressed is well known around Franklin, a neat, rodeo-minded Middle Tennessee community surrounded by white fences, Confederate monuments, rolling hills, and broad bluegrass pastures.

To some, it may seem unusual for a physician to deliver a baby or perform an emergency operation after leaving a calf-roping contest (in which, chances are, he participated), or a bit unorthodox to enter the hospital in cowboy boots. But that's Harry Guffee, who combines a love for the land, for people, for animals, and for his church with medical knowledge, surgical skill, and Christian compassion.

Neighbors say he's working himself to death. He says: "More people die from worry than overwork." Of all people, he should know.

The doctor doesn't handle a rope with the same skill he uses a scalpel, but he's won a few prizes in rodeo contests.

Half Doctor, Half Cowboy



All together—and holding still for once. That's Mrs. Guffee (nearest) and the five "little" Guffees of Bar-O Ranch.

"THEIRS is a home where fellowship, understanding, devotion to duty, and wholesome endeavor abound," says Pastor John Dickson, pointing out all seven Guffees are active in Franklin's First Methodist Church. Busy Dr. Harry, who has served on the official board, would like to do more. But everyone understands when he slips out of church early to answer an emergency call.

At any moment, an emergency may call the doctor away—but now the morning service is uninterrupted. The boys are singing in the choir.

The professional approach, Guffee style, is neighborly.

Half Doctor, Half Cowboy (*continued*)

WHILE HE'S no society doctor, Harry Guffee numbers many of Middle Tennessee's best-known old families among his patients. He's a tall, lanky, rawboned man who owns and operates a 1,000-acre ranch stocked with fine horses and cattle. Yet often he ministers to the needy without thought of compensation.

One destitute woman, from whom he had removed a 14-pound tumor, told him through her tears: "I don' guess I can ever pay you, Dr. Harry But I know the good Lord's going t reward you for saving my life." T which the doctor replied: "You for get it. The good Lord can put it o his book if he wants to. But it isn' going to be on mine."

Once he took a chicken as payment for an operation; another time he was offered a jug of moonshine!

Surcease from pain and uncertainty follow him into a sickroom, bringing a relieved smile to an anxious husband.

What boy wouldn't co-operate wholeheartedly with a doctor who is a cowboy to boot? The willing patient (and admirer) is Mike Leverette.

On his rounds, the doctor drops by for a friendly visit with Mrs. H. B. Reams, 92, widow of a Methodist minister who gave the church a life of service.

The Guffees are typified by pretty Betty, who cares for children in the church nursery. On certain weekdays she works in a Nashville class with cerebral-palsy patients. The Guffee boys plan to be doctors.

The sun lowers in the Cumberlands, but there'll be more calls for the Tennessee cowboy-physician after this visit to a hill family. Again this day, in an important way, Harry Guffee has rendered Christian service.

A FIRMER HAND

Tom was headed for bigger trouble —perhaps death—when a judge's rebuke awakened his indulgent parents. Only then did they realize he wanted the security of their authority.

By MOLLIE JOHNS

THERE WAS silence as the three of us walked down the stairs from juvenile court. Ringing in our ears was the judge's gruff pronouncement to our 16-year-old son, Tom:

"Driver's license suspended for six months!"

The words addressed to my husband, Joe, and me were already etched in our minds:

"In giving your son the freedom of a car of his own, you have given him responsibility for which you have not trained him."

Joe had driven us halfway home before anyone spoke. Then, suddenly, Tom turned to us and blurted: "Why did you ever let me get that car?" The bewildered sincerity of his question was reflected in his filling eyes.

My husband glanced at him in amazement.

Well, I thought, why *had* we let him get it?

Tom had been barely 16, with a brand-new driver's license and an obvious tendency to push the family car a bit too fast. But when he coaxed for a car of his own, we gave in. Other boys his age owned cars.

Having granted Tom an automobile of his own—and happiness, we assumed—we were dismayed by two speeding tickets he collected within a few weeks.

We paid the fines. After the first offense, we merely admonished Tom against speeding. After the second, we demanded that he keep his car in the garage for a week. But the next day we backed down so he could drive to a party.

On the way home from the party, a traffic officer ticketed him for driving a scorching 85 miles an hour. It was this third violation which culminated in juvenile court.

As I considered Tom's question, I belatedly realized that we had indulged him instead of giving him what he really wanted—the security of wise parental authority. The result for Tom had been confusion and insecurity.

That night, Joe and I searched for an understanding of our failure to administer good discipline. We recalled incidents from Tom's early childhood—even as far back as his babyhood when I'd substituted carrots if he turned away from strained peas—and realized that all the times we had unwisely indulged our son fell into a pattern that led straight to the morning's court session.

Now, seeing our mistakes in the light of our present crisis, we wondered whether Tom, in his speeding, had been subconsciously seeking from the police the discipline his parents had failed to provide.

"When a child knowingly does wrong and goes unpunished, he must bear the burden of his guilt," the judge had said. "Punishment relieves his guilt feelings and makes him more comfortable with himself. Discipline by his parents aids a youngster in developing his own self-discipline."

Painfully, we admitted that through a natural desire to make our son happy, we had not helped him create his own firm sense of responsibility. At 16, he was learning unhappily that society doesn't tolerate those who do not discipline themselves. A traffic officer can't be cajoled like Mom and Dad.

With all these realizations coming one on another, we were hurt and saddened. But the important thing now was to help Tom. We would have to improve our patterns of discipline for his sake as well as for the benefit of our two younger children, Betsy, nine, and Billy, seven.

First, we determined to set an example worth emulating. By practicing self-discipline ourselves and showing our respect for authority, honor, and responsibility, we hoped to teach our children these qualities.

That was a year ago.

Now, we are firm about many things. No longer do we accept a "need to sleep" as an excuse Sunday mornings for not attending church.

We encourage our offspring to participate in youth activities, hoping to guide their spiritual development so it may become a source of self-guidance, so faith and prayer may become a source of strength.

We discuss matters of discipline with them, showing respect for their opinions. In case of misbehavior, we listen to the child's explanation first before passing judgment. We want them to understand the *why* of our disciplinary measures; but if they cannot or will not understand, we expect them to accept our authority.

The past year of trying to substitute firm, loving guidance for over-indulgence has not been easy. Joe and I have prayed constantly for guidance ourselves. It is far more difficult to learn to administer discipline than it is to learn to accept it.

So often it has been difficult to say no to a youngster's momentary desire, especially when "the other kids" were doing what we felt our youngster shouldn't. It has been difficult to accept with understanding the occasional expressions of ill will when our children's wishes were denied. More difficult still has been the attempt to change the behavior patterns built over 16 years time.

But the problems of the year have been well outweighed by the satisfactions.

Although carrying out discipline is usually my responsibility because I am at home, the children regard their father as the ultimate source of authority. Joe and I have slowly built an assurance that we are superior to our children in wisdom and judgment. We believe that experience is a good teacher, but that the children should also be guided by our judgment gained through longer experience. No more can we be talked into agreeing to demands we feel are unwise. And I sense that our youngsters feel relief and security in knowing we cannot be coaxed into permitting them to do something which we, and perhaps even they, feel is not good for them.

We've learned that teen-agers often welcome, though perhaps secretly, parental guidance for their problems.

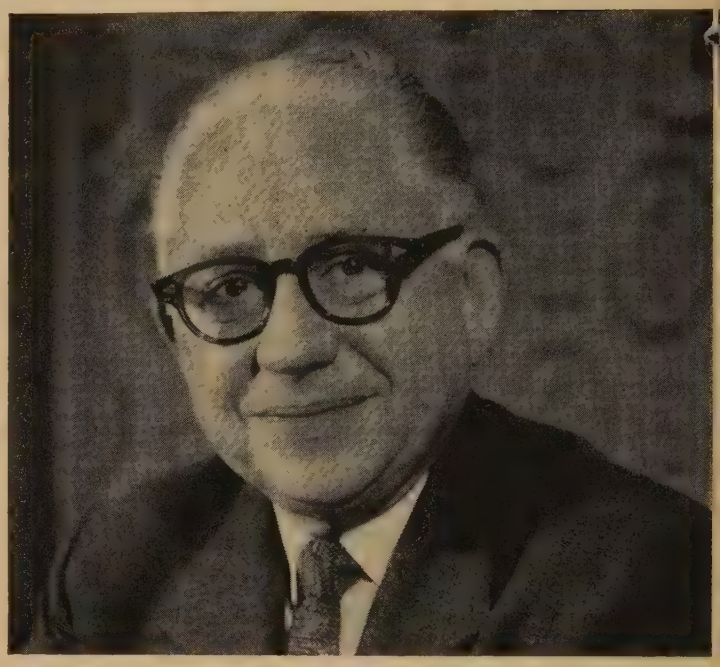
Our family relationships have been much happier since we became firm about being obeyed. Joe and I are less apt to feel impatience, and there is little bickering and rebellion when noes are issued. Tom, Betsy, and Billy understand that we consider their requests carefully, and that our decisions are based on what we feel is best.

But most rewarding is the evidence of self-discipline growing in our three young people.

The year behind us has been hard. But we have learned that children usually recognize guidance for what it is—concern about them.

And ahead we see the assurance that we're finally giving our children what they really want: loving discipline and a firmer hand in leading them toward adulthood.

Dr. Russell J. Humbert *(left) is the president of Methodist-related DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind. Founded in 1837, DePauw now has an enrollment of 2,166, is coeducational. The Rector scholarships, created by a $2.1 million personal gift, help attract top students.*



Dr. Hurst R. Anderson *(right) is president of American University. The Washington, D.C., school has mapped a $20.5 million building program for the next decade. American is coeducational and Methodist-related. Total enrollment is 8,000, and may double in 10 years.*

Should Church-Related Colleges Accept Federal Support?

Yes, declares Hurst R. Anderson

THESE ARE days of challenge. Nowhere is this more evident than in the field of higher education. I think most college administrators are aware of what we face, but from my vantage point in Washington, it is possible to be aware of some pertinent facts not so apparent to others.

Our colleges and universities are being squeezed between the Soviet Union's challenge from without and the pressure of spiralling enrollments from within. If we are to triumph over these twin threats, a large body of academic opinion holds that our private institutions must have federal aid.

"Why?" you ask. Because Russia is outstripping us in production of trained scientists and engineers, and because we are not now building rapidly enough to accommodate the throngs of students who will descend upon our colleges and universities before this decade ends.

Russia's educational program, once backward and ineffective in comparison with its Western counterparts, now is second only to that of the United States. In 1954, Russian schools produced 65,000 scientists and engineers; and by 1958, the output had increased to 90,000. In the latter year, we had 63,000 graduates in the same fields.

Russia still cannot match us in the number of students receiving all types of degrees, but its capacity is expanding much more rapidly than ours, indicating our advantage may be only temporary.

The problem presented by soaring enrollments is equally critical, if of a different nature. We now have nearly 4 million college and university students. Best estimates of the

American Council on Education indicate that, by 1970, we will have 6 million. Can we meet the staggering demands for institutional growth which this increase will require?

Studies indicate that in the next decade we will need to spend $15 billion—or $1.5 billion per year—on capital improvements alone. And, hard as we have tried, we've never been able in any one year to produce more than $750 million—half the amount needed.

Churches, alumni organizations, promotional programs, labor unions, corporations, and foundations all contribute money to private institutions, of course, but only about half what they will need annually. We never have been able to produce voluntarily more than half what our goal must be.

An article in the July, 1959, *Educational Record,* published by the American Council on Education in which most of our Methodist-related colleges and universities have membership, eloquently supports the position taken by the President's Committee on Higher Education Beyond the High School. The article was written by Dr. David D. Henry, president of the University of Illinois and one of the educational statesmen of our generation.

We must plan now for expansion of educational facilities, Dr. Henry says, before we have to pursue the emergency course we did for veterans after World War II. Public money then was used to construct unsightly temporary structures on almost all of our campuses. This is an extravagance we cannot afford, since these buildings eventually must be torn down and replaced by permanent structures.

This, in fact, is the central argument for accepting federal aid in the form of matching grants to help construct permanent educational facilities. These grants, by which the government contributes an additional dollar to match each dollar an institution raises from private sources, effectively double the funds immediately available for improvement and expansion. And, unquestionably it is wiser to build with the long view in mind than to temporize in crisis periods of public hysteria.

Should church-related schools accept federal aid? The battle cry of those who say "no" is this: "We don't want federal aid; we would prefer to have the churches continue to provide for the needs of these schools."

The answers to this line of thinking are, of course, obvious:

1. Church-group and voluntary philanthropy, magnificent as this support has been, is not now meeting the crisis and probably never can meet it.

2. Not only educational institutions, but churches themselves long have accepted aid from the state through tax exemptions.

3. Many colleges and universities now are receiving government aid in the form of research contracts. Almost 50 per cent of the budgets of some of America's educational institutions is composed of income thus derived from federal sources.

4. Many officials of our church-related colleges already have resolved this question in their own minds by accepting government loans for the construction of dormitory facilities. It is a fact that two thirds of the church-related educational institutions in the country have accepted such loans.

5. Almost all church-related educational institutions have accepted aid under the provisions of the recently enacted National Defense Education Act, which provides loan funds for students, fellowships for graduate students, and grants for graduate instruction.

All thinking Americans, one may be sure, are determined to avoid federal interference with educational policy. But it would be equally inadvisable to invite tampering by financing our schools solely through corporate gifts. There is as much danger of domination in one quarter as in the other.

What is the answer to this dilemma? I think we must not refuse either corporate gifts or federal aid, but must make sure our institutions receive income from many sources. This way, no single social agency can be in a position of even attempting to direct the course of church-related educational institutions.

The facts are that lending money to our Methodist colleges has never suggested to anyone in Washington that the federal government should control these institutions. The facts to date simply do not support fears that the kinds of federal aid proposed have led, or ever will lead, to federal control.

If the money is loaned to build a dormitory, or granted on a dollar-to-dollar matching basis for classroom facilities, it is the view of a majority of prominent American educators that there results no real danger of federal interference in the policy or programs of the educational institution.

There are those who do not object to the general principles of federal aid, but who contend that it is impractical because of the already heavy tax burden. To these, we must reply that a nation which can spend (in 1958) almost $11 billion on liquor, $6 billion on tobacco, and $14 billion on armaments surely will not starve the institutions which train its future leaders by denying them $750 million per year.

We have no choice but to satisfy the challenges of our age. All segments of our society must contribute to higher education in a co-operative effort to meet the current crisis. To do otherwise may open us to the charge we are modern Neros—fiddling while Rome burns.

An exaggeration? No. The heart of American education will burn if strategic measures are not soon adopted to save our institutions.

No, advises Russell J. Humbert

AS PRESIDENT of a church-related institution of higher learning, I am constantly faced with the question, "Should the church-related college accept federal aid?" My answer to this is a resounding "No!"

I realize that many privately supported colleges and universities do accept government aid. This is their right. Within the Board of Trustees

at DePauw, we have discussed the matter at length; and our decision not to accept federal aid was not hastily conceived. It was evolved after careful consideration of all the known advantages and disadvantages.

We are a private institution and feel we are entitled to private support. All colleges and universities in the United States are, or should be, engaged in the performance of a public service and thus have a legitimate claim to broad and generous aid. But aid which might promote a monolithic structure of higher education in America threatens to make us a nation like those operating within the framework of state socialism.

Following this line of reasoning—that private institutions must be free of government support—we reject the all too prevalent line of thinking which says: "Everyone else is doing it. Let's get our share of the government till, too."

But let's pause here to ask, "Do we dupe ourselves into believing federal assistance is free?" The massive structure of hidden taxes, coupled with income-tax withholdings from our pay checks, obscures our real tax bill. We pay substantially for federal assistance, and many believe we pay a premium due to the bulky bureaucracy necessary to implement it.

Another reason why our university does not accept federal aid is that we must remain free from government or public control. Federal control is no myth. *The Wall Street Journal* editorialized recently: "It's odd, but hardly surprising, that we hear so much these days of the need for new and expanded federal aid to education, but never a word about the invisible strings tying every federal dollar to Washington."

AS AN example, note the relatively new National Defense Education Act, which establishes a student-loan program. In it we find many not-so-subtle, built-in controls. They're not necessarily evil controls. Few would find fault with the NDEA clause designed to encourage students to enter the teaching profession. Yet, in effect, it says that any student who subsequently teaches in the public schools will be forgiven up to 50 per cent of his federal loan, depending on the number of years he teaches.

This, I'm sure you'll agree, is a mild form of control designed to give direction to the vocational choice of individuals. In this case, too, the suggestion seems well-intentioned. But what about the next time? Then the invisible strings of control may not be handled so gently and may attempt to steer us to a less desirable goal.

A third reason why we are not accepting federal aid is that we believe we should encourage, rather than discourage, our partnership with private sources of support.

The first of these sources is the student and his family. Today, more than ever before, there is recognition and acceptance of the need for each family to assume a larger share of its own educational costs. For too many years, colleges and universities kept secret the fact that tuitions and fees amounted to less than half the cost of a college education. Today, we are being more explicit—and, I believe, more truthful. Parents know they pay only half the bill, that the rest must come from dwindling endowments and other sources.

We and our sister institutions have substantially increased tuitions, and we have reason to believe this trend will and should continue. Concurrently, we are charged with, and have accepted, the responsibility of assisting the worthy student who finds the educational bill beyond his ability to pay. Contrary to earlier practice, we now relate financial aid to actual need. Honorary scholarships, without stipend, are being accepted graciously by those who deserve recognition but who can pay their own way.

More and more, too, loans to finance college education are winning acceptance. Students and parents are willing to borrow, and they rightly feel education is just as important as automobiles or other tangible commodities. I personally have no compunction about recommending a loan program to finance the best buy in the world—higher education. This plan actually may produce an educational bonus, since there is an element of character-building in repaying a big bill which causes the student and his family to look upon education as important, as something to be gained by individual effort.

Conversely, if the student's education were financed by a federal grant could he ever attach to it the same value and importance?

Another of our valued private partners is the alumnus. Alumni support has grown remarkably in the past few years, but it still falls far short of its potential. Before we ask the government to support our private colleges and universities, we should do more to challenge our alumni to help us take care of ourselves.

A relatively new form of support—corporate gifts—has exploded on the campus scene within the past few years. The magnitude of this assistance and the variety of support plans now operating weren't even dreamed 20 years ago. Here, too, we have only scratched the surface; relatively few firms have yet assumed what leaders in the field believe is a fair share of their responsibility.

FOR the church-related college or university, the church is an important partner. Recently, there has been a new and needed dedication by church-related schools to their original purpose in Christian education. On the other side of the coin, the church has recognized and accepted its responsibility with increased zeal and financial support, and without control or limitation.

Even a superficial study reveals that most annual conferences of The Methodist Church have attained the goal of $1 per member for higher education, as suggested by the 1956 General Conference. This partnership must be encouraged and strengthened if our 118 Methodist-related colleges and universities are to remain Christian, strong and free.

We have other important partners, such as individuals and foundations; and it is urgently important to encourage these relationships—so the wellsprings of private giving are not allowed to dry up but instead are encouraged to flow more freely.

It is my firm conviction that if the church-related institution of higher education will continue to build a quality program of Christian higher education, it will continue to receive sufficient support from private sources. Hence, it will receive, as a free institution of the church, the support it deserves.

Out of a gray sky, the Easter sun rises upon a scene from long ago and far away.

Holy Week— on an Alabama Hillside

THE THREE CROSSES that stood on Calvary before the first Easter are far removed in space and time from those that will be starkly outlined this Easter against the rising sun in Moundville, Ala.—but there is a link between the two. This year the folks of Moundville will present the 14th annual performance of their pageant, *The Road to Calvary*, and again reverent thousands will stand in predawn chill to see the ageless story unfold on three prehistoric Indian mounds. TOGETHER's photographer was on hand last year to record the event, sponsored by the Moundville Methodist Church, and to portray in color the roles enacted by scores of devout local citizens.

For this tot perched on his father's shoulders,
the Bible story comes vividly to life, helping him realize
Easter is more than colored eggs and bunny rabbits.

So that the old, old story may live anew. . .

Year after year, the Moundville pageant adds to its array of costumes and props.

As if stepping out of the New Testament, costumed actors leave the Methodist church. They're enroute to rehearsal.

It's 3 a.m., Easter Sunday, as these stage hands hurry to set up an electric organ on one of the pageant's three mounds.

In the black of night, the pageant choir takes position in a grassy "loft" where the Mound Indians once erected a temple to worship their heathen sun god.

A flowering shrub is set up outside the tomb (in background) from which Moundville's Christus will "arise" on Easter morning. The blossoms, symbolic of the Resurrection and life after death, are being arranged by Eugene Lewis.

THE SCRIPT for *The Road to Calvary* was written in 1948 by Robert L. Hagood, then pastor of the Moundville Methodist Church, and was narrated last year by the present pastor, William M. Sproles. Although the pageant is sponsored by Methodists, other churches in the community (population about 1,000) take an active part. An estimated 5,000 persons, some of whom came as early as midnight, thronged Mound Park for the performance last Easter morning. Featuring dramatic spotlighting and appropriate Easter music by an interdenominational choir, the program each year is timed to reach the Crucifixion scene precisely as the sun rises.

Most members of the cast are veterans who've played their roles many times. This is Claudie Hoggle being made up as a disciple. But only once to any man comes the honor of playing Christ.

The Widow's Mite
He looked up and saw the rich putting their gifts into the treasury; and he saw a poor widow put in two copper coins. And he said, "Truly...this poor widow has put in more than all of them."

Jesus Before Caiaphas
In this mob scene Jesus (at right, above) stands before Caiaphas, the high priest. The photo was taken at a rehearsal with Melvin Bedsole as Caiaphas and Andy Knight, an understudy, as the Christus.

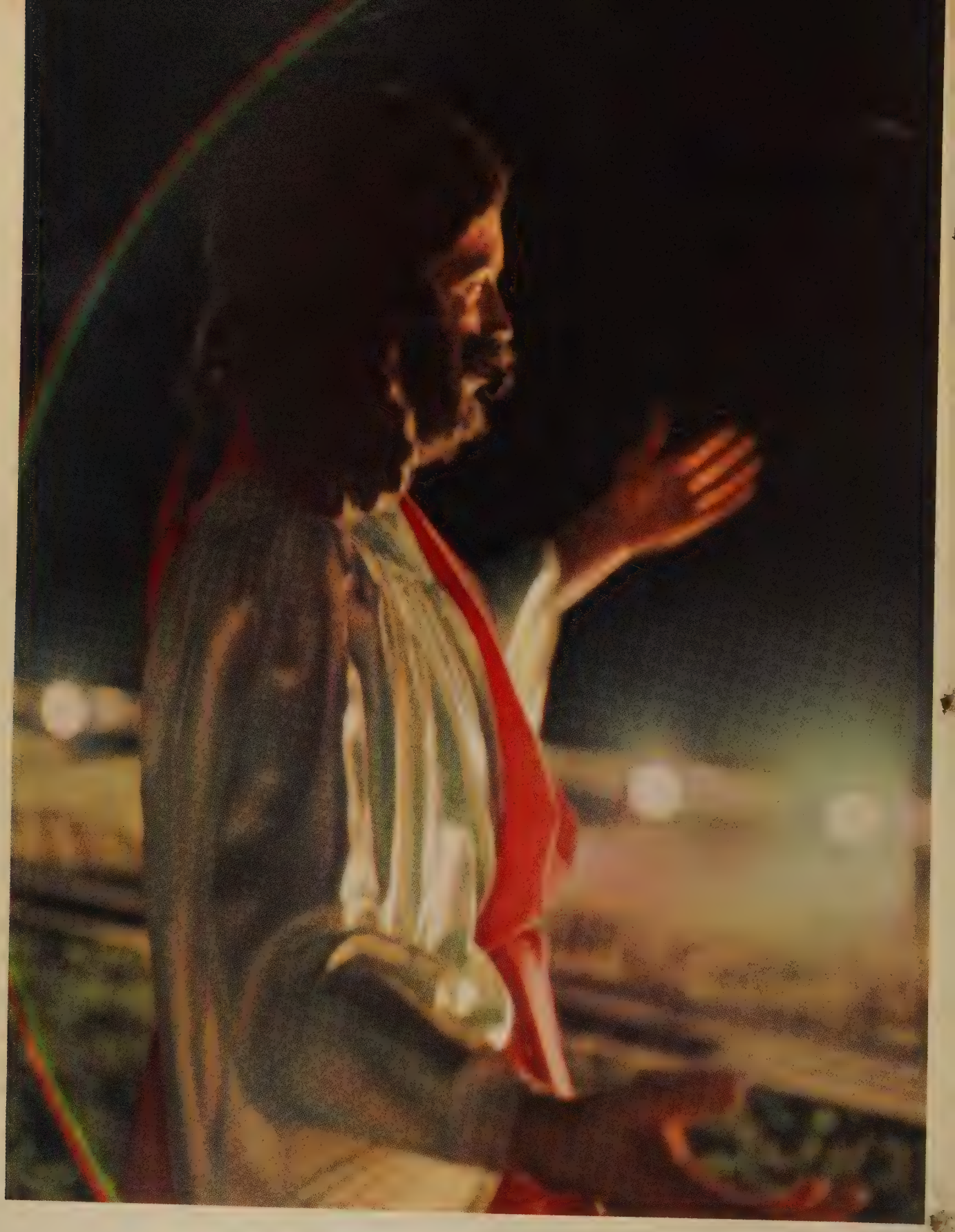
The Last Supper
"Truly, truly, I say to you, one of you will betray me." The disciples looked at one another, uncertain of whom he spoke..."It is he to whom I shall give this morsel when I have dipped it."

"Now is my soul troubled. And what shall
I say, 'Father, save me from this hour'?
No, for this purpose I have come to this hour.
Father, glorify thy name."

"So they took Jesus, and he went out, bearing his own cross. . ."

Stolid and impervious, set upon his purpose, Judas Iscariot (played here by R. F. Lewis, Jr.,) bears the look of knowing pain in Jesus' eyes before slipping away to betray him.

Jesus, crucified between the two thieves, looks down upon Mary, his mother, kneeling beside the cross: "Woman, behold your son!"



"Thus it is written, that the Christ should suffer and on the third day rise from the dead. . ."

Again this Easter, April 2, millions of Americans will gather for sunrise services. And in Moundville, Ala., another man of good character will play history's greatest role—that of the immortal Man of Galilee.

His heart overruled hardship, so he changed

From FBI to PULPIT

By CASPAR NANNES

The Rev. Merrill W. Drennan, Pastor of Millian Methodist Church, Wheaton Woods, Md. He's never regretted his decision.

DURING HOLY WEEK, 1948, a tall, broad-shouldered young man from the FBI slipped quietly into the sanctuary of a downtown Washington, D.C., church. Taking his place among the worshipers, he bowed his head as the noonday Lenten service opened.

The minister began speaking, but the young man's thoughts still whirled busily. Finally, the presence of the other people in the church seemed to recede, and he felt vitally attracted to the speaker. In fact, the man in the pulpit seemed to be speaking directly to him!

"The need for preachers is tremendous," the minister was saying. "Empty pulpits are crying for good men to fill them. One great denomination wishes to start a building program of 500 churches and has the money to proceed, but these urgently needed churches won't be built. There are no ministers to fill the pulpits!"

When the brief service ended, the young man—Merrill William Drennan, agent for the Federal Bureau of Investigation—stepped outside. But he didn't return to his office. Instead, he paced the downtown Washington streets, weighing and studying a challenge.

The minister had declared that business and government were attracting top men who would make outstanding ministers. Why were such men turning their backs on a great need of the Church? Why, Mr. Drennan asked himself, was he?

As FBI Agent Drennan walked and thought, the question finally narrowed to a personal equation: should he follow his mind—or his heart?

Any objective appraisal of his personal situation suggested no change. He had a wife, one daughter, and another girl had just been born. He was well established in the FBI, a six-year man with a fine record. He had only one year of college credit toward the B.A. degree; becoming a minister would take three more years of college work and an additional three years of seminary study. And could he qualify academically?

The decision was not easy, but he knew there was only one answer for him. He would enter the ministry.

At first he thought of becoming a part-time pastor, retaining his FBI post and taking over a small church on week ends. He discussed this idea with the Rev. Marion Michael, then pastor of the church to which he belonged—Marvin Memorial Meth-

odist. He also talked with other ministers. And he decided, flatly, that preaching had to be a full-time job.

Facing his wife with the decision was another matter.

"She was strong enough to take the initial shock," Mr. Drennan recalls. "Once that was over, she was in full accord."

The next step was to notify his chief he was leaving. He requested an interview with J. Edgar Hoover.

Hoover was sympathetic. "There is need of virility in the ministry," he said, "but if something should happen to prevent the successful completion of this project, you always have a job waiting for you with the FBI."

Then came the years of test and trial. Mr. Drennan resigned as an FBI agent on Friday, June 3, 1948. The following Monday, he entered the American University summer school. In the fall, he entered the University of Maryland, where he previously had spent a year. The next summer, he was back at American University.

Then came another year at the University of Maryland. When the class of 1950 climbed the platform to receive graduation diplomas, Merrill William Drennan was one of the names called.

During all this time, he somehow managed to support his wife and two little girls. For nearly a year he sold encyclopedias from door to door.

"As a door-to-door salesman I was no world beater," he recalls. "One ruling axiom was my own conviction that a prospect ought to have a real need for the books, and be reasonably able to afford them, before I could conscientiously make the sale."

Next he sold sterling silver and china to young government girls about to be married. Then he drove a taxi and did general work for a funeral home in Silver Spring, Md.

Finally, in September, 1950, he entered Westminster Theological Seminary, Westminster, Md.*

Bishop Charles Wesley Flint, then espiscopal head of Methodism's Washington Area, named Mr. Drennan student pastor of the Methodist church at Ashton, Md., 40 miles from Westminster. For the next three years, the former FBI agent followed a program that would have discouraged a less determined man. Four days a week, he drove 80 miles each day, 320 miles a week, to attend seminary. At home, he performed the many duties required of a rural pastor while keeping up with his heavy seminary studies.

Mr. Drennan, himself city reared, had to work at acclimating himself to rural atmosphere.

"One time while preaching," he remembers, "I used an illustration about cows and hens and couldn't understand why there were titters and smiles about the story. After the service, I was red faced when my wife told me I had referred to the cows and hens as 'hes.'"

In June, 1953, he received his theological degree. For the first time in five long years, he could breathe deeply and look confidently toward the future.

He remained at Ashton another year, enjoying the luxury of having only one full-time job. The following June, he was appointed pastor at Millian Memorial Methodist Church in Wheaton Woods, Md., a suburb of Washington.

That year, 1954, the church had 200 members and held services in a theater. Under Mr. Drennan's constant leadership, the church now has more than 1,300 members, two new buildings, and a beautiful new sanctuary in the planning stage. Recently he was elected president of the Wheaton Ministerial Association.

Pastor Drennan has never regretted his decision to leave the FBI for the ministry. He admits, however, that to change careers in midstream is not easy.

"A successful businessman considering this shift must ask himself whether the contribution he will make as a minister is superior to that which he is presently making," he says. "The man must analyze his abilities. As a prospective minister, he must evaluate his potential as a preacher, administrator, and counselor."

Mr. Drennan also points out that anyone considering such a change must examine how it will affect previous commitments—to his wife, his family, his future. Sometimes, he says, these may be too strong for a man to make the change.

"But the most important thing of all," he testifies, "is to do what your heart tells you you must do!"

Perhaps the best ending for this man's story would be, "Well done; mission completed." But that isn't the case with 45-year-old Pastor Drennan. For his mission has just begun.

* *The seminary since has been renamed Wesley Theological Seminary and relocated adjacent to the campus of Methodist-related American University in Washington, D.C.* [*See* For Beauty, *page 2, and* Steel Strikes Stone to Speak of Christ, *page 16, both April, 1960.*]

At home with his wife and their two daughters, Kathy (left) and Marilyn, the hard-working pastor takes time out to make plans for this summer's vacation.

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

Q *My parents have old-fashioned ideas about how teen-agers should behave on dates. Is there a book I could get to enlighten them?—H.C.*

A Your folks may not be as outdated as you think. They were teen-agers once. They are aware of risks and want to protect you. There are many books on dating. One is *The Art of Dating* (Association Press, $2.50) by Evelyn Duvall.

Q *Will you warn teen-agers about boxing? I'm the father of an 18-year-old boy who at 15 took up boxing. He was knocked out, suffered a brain hemorrhage, and now is paralyzed. He can't even speak. Boys can be seriously hurt in boxing. Please pass the word along to others!—F.S.*

A I'll pass the word gladly. Boxing is a dangerous sport. Most high schools ban it.

Q *I date a boy whose feelings are easily hurt. Last time we parked I had to say no to him. He didn't take it very well. Is there any way to stop a boy without hurting his feelings? —J.A.*

A I know of none. Remember that his feelings are less important than the welfare of the two of you. You did exactly the right thing.

Q *I'm one of five kids in my family. Four of us are okay, but our youngest brother is rotten spoiled. He's nine. We have jobs to do; he has none. When he gets mad, he hits us—but if we strike back, we catch it. Once I watched him stealing money from my purse. When I told Mom, she said to let him keep it. Is this a way to raise a boy?—F.Y.*

A No, it isn't. If you state the facts accurately, there is trouble ahead for your brother. There is an excellent Family Service Association office, listed in your city phone book. Try to get your mother to go there and discuss the way your young brother is being raised.

Q *On our vacation last summer I met a girl from another town. We were together two days. Since then we've written many times. In my last letter I told her I love her. She replied that she loves me. Could this really be love?—M.K.*

A Probably not. Maybe you both are "in love with love." Many wartime marriages were based on equally brief acquaintances. Many of them did not last. You shouldn't commit yourselves until you really know each other.

Q *I'll need a scholarship to go to college. How can I earn one? I'm in the eighth grade and usually get As. Can you help me?—M.B.*

A Go to the high-school teacher or counselor who helps students win scholarships. With her help review the ones available. Then center on those most fitted to your needs. Plan your entire high-school program to meet their requirements. Try for straight A grades. Be wary of the "honors" or "advanced" courses. It is harder to earn As in them than in regular classes. Take some part in student activities too. Good luck.

Q *I'm a freshman. Last fall I wanted to go out for girl cheerleader but was afraid to because I'm bowlegged. Is there any cure for bowlegs?—W.T.*

A No, there isn't. Probably you're unduly sensitive. Many girls have bowlegs and aren't especially bothered about it. Some of them make good cheerleaders. Don't let this keep you from trying out next fall.

Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

"No, I think anyone who wears hamburger buns for ear muffs should expect to be followed by little dogs!"

Q *I'm 16, but look older. I'm in love with a college student. We want to marry, but we promised our parents not to elope. However, we are thinking of breaking our promise. Would that be awful? Also, we go too far in necking. If we don't marry, how can we keep ourselves from doing something we shouldn't?—N.C.*

A I hope you will not elope. You are too young to assume the burdens of housekeeping. To keep from doing something wrong, practice self-control and avoid situations which give rise to temptation.

Q *I'm a boy of 16. I read an article in an important magazine. The author defended pornography. Then I*

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

Is loving your neighbor distinctly Christian?

No, for this "second" and "greater" commandment that Jesus added to the commandment about loving God is found in the Old Testament (Leviticus 19:18). However, "neighbor" usually meant "fellow Israelite," and Judaism had no general maxim for conduct even there.

Jesus spelled out these vague feelings of generosity and—more important, surely—he gave an unforgettable answer to the question, "Who is my neighbor?"

You can find the answer by reading the parable of the good Samaritan (Luke 10:29-37).

Is the Discipline *a book of law?*

It certainly is, although some Methodists persist in treating it merely as a book of advice and counsel. Its rules are strictly observed by every person and every organization that wants to be known as Methodist.

But, the *Discipline* (more correctly, the *Doctrines and Discipline of The Methodist Church*) is more than a law book. It is, as the introduction states, "a revelation of the Holy Spirit working in and through our people." It is a record of the various stages of spiritual insights attained by the people called Methodist.

And, it is a means of enabling Methodism to make its organization an expression of its spiritual life.

Why have a Revised Standard Version?

Through the centuries, the Bible has been translated and retranslated. The King James Version itself was not a new translation, but a revision, and the Revised Standard Version of 1952 was a revision of the American Standard Version of 1901, which was a revision of the King James Version of 1611.

Words that were accurate translations of Hebrew and Greek Scriptures three centuries ago no longer say what the King James scholars intended. For example:

The King James Version uses "let" to mean "hinder" and "prevent" to mean "precede"; "communicate" for "share"; "conversation" for "conduct"; "comprehend" for "overcome"; "ghost" for "spirit"; "wealth" for "well-being"; "allege" for "prove"; "demand" for "ask"; "take no thought" for "be not anxious," and "purchase a good degree" for "gain a good standing."

It looks as though a new version was long overdue. But no careful Bible student has contended that essential teachings were changed.

Author, world traveler, minister, and former editor of the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE—this is Bishop T. Otto Nall. He's also episcopal leader of the Minnesota Area of The Methodist Church, and each month answers questions about your church and your faith.

bought a paper-bound pornographic book. It was the dirtiest thing I've ever read. Is that author right? Isn't pornography harmful?—L.V.

A Yes, it is. A sizable percentage of our teen-agers is emotionally disturbed. Many lack judgment and may try out the evil things they learn from such books. Recent court decisions seem to favor the sale of pornography. The result is a flood of off-color books. Teen-agers and their parents should be warned about them. [For an understanding of the dangers of such literature, see *Pornography Can Hit Your Home, Too,* March, 1960, page 22.]

Q *I'm a high-school freshman. My counselor wants me to take extra classes this spring, and go to summer school. Then I could enter the junior class next fall. Is this wise?—E.L.*

A The answer depends on you. Are you big for your age? Do you get along well with older kids? Are you an A student? If so, the acceleration probably would be wise. Many schools make similar arrangements for their bright students.

Q *I'm a Methodist boy attending a Methodist college. I have been dating a Jewish girl. When our parents heard of this they had fits. Mine said I should date only Protestant girls. Hers said she should go out only with Jewish boys. We don't love each other, just enjoy the same shows and concerts. Why all the uproar?—C.M.*

A They've observed that interfaith marriages are apt to end in the divorce courts. At your age even casual friendships can ripen quickly into love. Your parents are right. Usually it is best for Protestants to date Protestants, Jews to date Jews, and Catholics to date Catholics. Then the risks of unfortunate marriages are reduced.

Q *My mother doesn't want me to grow up. I'm 15 and bigger than she is, but she makes me wear little-girl dresses. She won't let boys come to see me. She says she can't stand the thought of having a grown daughter. What can I do?—L.L.*

A First try to understand your mother. Many women dislike growing older. They try to hold time

back by keeping their children from growing up. They're unfair to themselves and their young people. Ask your father to help you. Perhaps he can teach your mother that mature women are attractive too, and get her to take pride in your growth and popularity. He should see that you get the proper clothes and your rights respected.

Q *I'm a girl of 19, engaged to a man of 20. We're going to be married soon. Our parents approve. Last weekend we made a serious mistake. Now we both feel unclean. Will what we did stand in the way of a happy marriage?—L.P.*

A I'm glad you realize that what you did was a mistake. In the future avoid situations in which you'll be tempted. Many factors go into creating a happy marriage. What you did won't help, but you still can have a successful marriage and home life together. I suggest you talk with a marriage counselor about it.

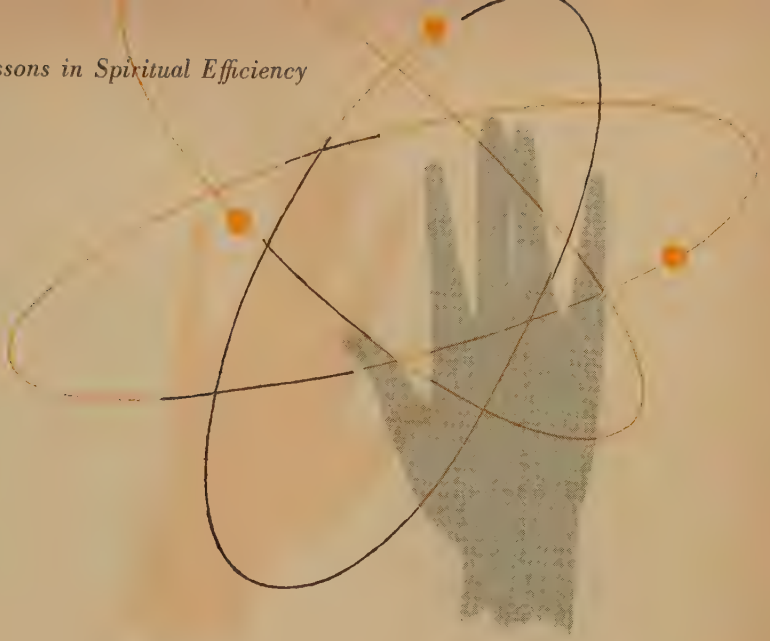
Q *I'm writing for my bashful younger sister. She's 13 and has a king-size crush on a college basketball star who is 19. She wants to know how to meet him and make him fall in love with her.—C.A.*

A Many girls her age get crushes on star athletes. Usually it is better if they never meet them. The crushes don't last. Be patient with her. She'll soon forget him.

Q *I'm a girl, 13. I've never done anything really bad. However, my parents do not trust me. They read my mail and diary. Is this fair?—E.F.*

A Many parents read their children's mail and diaries. Some even feel it is their obligation. I don't agree. Things would be better if parents respected their children's right to privacy.

Do teen problems get you down? Then write Dr. Barbour, c/o TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill., for expert advice. He has worked with youth for years and knows their situations thoroughly.*



Why God Does Not Explain

By ROY L. SMITH

A WOMAN who had suffered a series of misfortunes appealed to her pastor for an explanation to an age-old question:

"Can you tell me why God has allowed these terrible things to happen? I have tried to be honorable all my life. I have tried to conform to the will of God. And yet I have undergone one disaster after another. Why?"

A great many people lose their faith in God because he does not explain all his actions, as if the infinite could be understood by the finite.

Some things cannot be easily explained to a child because the youngster has no experience to which the facts can be related. But there is an answer that can be given, and if it is accepted in good faith it will suffice as an explanation until the necessary experience is accumulated.

Just as it is impossible for a father to make some of his judgments understandable to his small and inexperienced son, so God finds it impossible to make plain some of his judgments to his inexperienced and fretful children. It is not a question of God's willingness to explain, but of our ability to understand the explanations.

A teen-ager put it simply when, in trying to explain to a chum why she could not go to a certain party, she said, "I don't know why my dad said I couldn't go, but I know my dad."

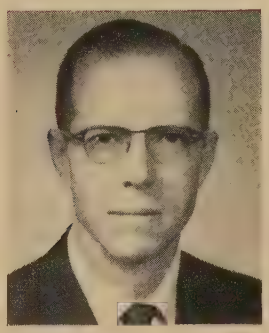
That is faith at its best—trusting when we do not understand. It is not a matter of believing something in the face of all the evidence, of insisting that God shall accept our judgment instead of his own. It is, rather, the simple matter of trusting the thing we know to be true.

There is an almost interminable list of questions and problems Jesus did not attempt to solve for us when he was here among us. But he did show us what God is like. Once we understand God, we can trust him when we cannot understand his reasons.

Light Unto My Path

APRIL 2

Jesus said to them again, "Peace be with you. As the Father has sent me, even so I send you."—John 20:21



Harold H. Fink
Norfolk, Va.

AS CHRISTIANS we live under Divine orders.

Jesus was keenly aware that the authority for his ministry and mission did not derive from himself but from a higher source, God. Jesus, too, was under Divine orders! In one post-Resurrection appearance, he declared this fact to the disciples: "As the Father has sent me, even so I send you."

The Crucifixion brought an abrupt end to Jesus' earthly ministry. There remained only one important task before he returned to the Father—the commissioning of the disciples to continue his work in the world.

This handful of faithful, but saddened and disheartened, disciples was still stunned by the tragedy of the Crucifixion and not fully convinced of the Resurrection; yet, these very men, destined to become the heart and core of the Church, were to carry out the work of Christ that he could no longer do himself. They were to be ambassadors for the Christ, whom God, himself, had sent. As such, they were commissioned to represent him and his cause to the very best of their ability.

But this commission was not intended merely for those few who were gathered in the Upper Room; it is, rather, the commission under which all of Christ's followers live in the ever-constant present. Under the Divine orders of the living Christ we are able to meet the challenge of each new day, confident that, in the light of his love and the power of his might, we carry out the work which he has commissioned us to do.

Prayer: Heavenly father, help us to be aware that as followers of the Christ we do not do our work, but his. In his name we pray. Amen.

—HAROLD H. FINK

APRIL 9

If any of you lacks wisdom, let him ask God who gives to all men generously and without reproaching, and it will be given him.—James 1:5

BEFORE MINERS go down into a shaft, they light their lamps. Even when the mine is electrically lighted, they light lamps fastened to their caps. This light allows them to walk in dark places, to examine the face of the rock, and to operate their machinery.

We place in our hearts and minds the promises of God to light our way past ignorance, the darkness of doubt, the uncertainties of our minds. God alone knows what should be done; he alone knows what we can do.

God's guidance and care are much more important than carrying a light into a mine.

One can grope in a mine, but one cannot grope long in life's fast actions and quick decisions. Personal contact with God is a light unto one's feet in all uncertainties.

The Bible contains the concrete guidance of God. It is there that we learn of the work of God. In the teachings of Christ, we learn what the mind of God is. Knowledge of the Bible has been a light to many men and women in the darkness of their souls and in the moments of their indecisions.

Personal guidance of God for specific needs is a part of our divine relationship. Sometimes this comes through prayer or worship. Sometimes it just comes when we are receptive. This is the Divine light unto our paths, the indwelling Holy Spirit at work.

Prayer: Our father, we thank thee that as the sun drives away the darkness of the night, so thy spirit drives away the darkness of our spirits. Amen.

—JAMES S. CHUBB

APRIL 16

Blessed is the man who endures trial, for when he has stood the test he will receive the crown of life which God has promised to those who love him.—James 1:12

James S. Chubb
Grand Island, Nebr.

ONE SUNDAY afternoon I returned to the parsonage from calling at the hospital, and, walking through the family room, noticed that the person on the television screen was a well-known individual with severe physical disabilities.

As I watched the program I was profoundly impressed, for without her full bodily senses, the face of this handicapped person reflected a beauty and radiance of spirit seldom seen. She seemed to say with James, "blessed" or "happy" is the person who endures trial.

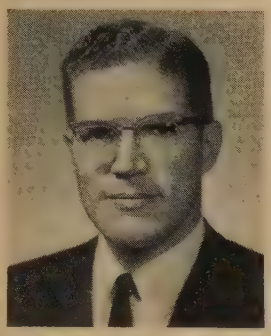
James suggested at least two qualities that are most often present when trials bless:

First, trials may bless when we have some ability to patiently endure or to persevere. The ability to endure trials reveals a desirable quality of character and tenacity of purpose. Though often arrested, beaten, and imprisoned, Paul provides the contemporary Christian with a portrait of perseverance in trial.

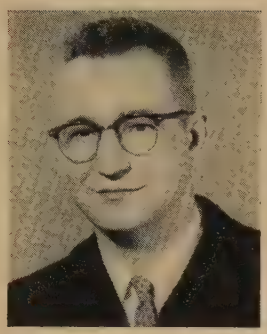
And second, trials may bless when we love God, when God is our dominant affection. To love God is to know the strength of God. During difficulties we may think often of our trials, be reminded of our weaknesses, and impressed with our hopelessness. On the other hand, mindful of our needs, we may think most often of God and our love for him. We may dwell on his goodness and be reminded that God is compassionate toward our tribulation for he is a suffering father.

Having patiently endured our trials, all the while professing and declaring our love for God, we shall receive the crown of life as a recognition of achievement. Blessed is such a person.

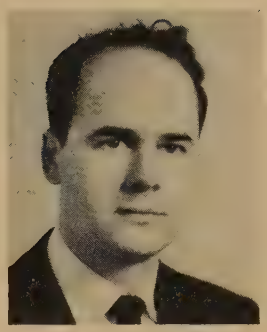
Prayer: Eternal God, may we endure the trials that confront us with



Paul M. Bumpers
Jonesboro, Ark.



Robert W. Gingery
Greencastle, Ind.



Richard Deats
Manila, P.I.

steadfast love for thee, that we may receive the crown of life thou hast promised to those who love thee. Amen.

—PAUL M. BUMPERS

APRIL 23

"Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."—Job 28:28

ONE way of understanding these two Bible phrases causes them to shoot out away from reality like a satellite on its way to the moon. It is to say:

"Look you, the high plateau of complete reverence for God in every area of your life is the supreme wisdom!"

And again—

"To know how in every situation to avoid evil and choose the supreme wisdom is understanding."

No one will quarrel with that observation. The only thing wrong is that it is unrelated to our human situation.

Who among you is equal to such demands? Who can measure up? The Apostle Paul was not equal to it either before or after his conversion. "For the good that I would I do not: but the evil that I would not, that I do." (Romans 7:19 KJV.)

The psalmist, writing earlier than Job, saw with deeper insight into human nature when he observed, "The fear of [or reverence for] the Lord is the *beginning* of wisdom."

Wisdom is not something we get by direct attack. It is the gracious overflow of a life centered down on God. It comes by indirection.

What the great men of all time have noticed is that wisdom and understanding result from putting first things first. Rufus Jones, the great Quaker spokesman, used to speak of a "One-thinger person"—paraphrasing Paul's words, "This one thing I do . . ." But "reverence for the Lord" is the *beginning!* It is wise to begin all things with "reverence for the Lord."

The Church points to Jesus Christ and says, "Here is wisdom; at his feet is the place of understanding." The Apostle Paul could not on his own strength do the good and eschew the evil—but he knew where to go for help. He wrote, in 1 Corinthians 15:57: "Thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The longest journey begins with the first step. The *beginning* of wisdom and understanding is to discover that Jesus Christ is our peace, and to depart from him means chaos; that Jesus Christ is the truth, and to depart from him is darkness.

Prayer: Give to us this day a reverence so meaningful that it will slay our vanity, give freedom to our talents and powers, and stimulate us to unconditional surrender to the claims of Jesus Christ. Amen.

—ROBERT W. GINGERY

APRIL 30

". . . I am the Lord who practice kindness, justice, and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, says the Lord."—Jeremiah 9:24

IN *BURMA SURGEON,* Gordon Seagrave says that many church-goers "cannot be said to be Christianized or else how could they stand the agony of our world which they already know?"

It does us well to ponder carefully these words in a world where there is so much mass poverty, hunger, and injustice side by side with unheard of wealth, described so vividly in the phrase "the have and the have-not nations."

Somehow in the current religious revival in America we often appear to believe that expanding membership rolls, beautifully built churches and a sufficient amount of positive thinking and personal piety meet the requirements of being a Christian in today's world.

But let us Christians never forget that at the heart of the Gospel is "kindness, justice, and righteousness in the earth" and that it is in *these* that the Lord delights. Until we have dealt with these weightier matters of the law, our religion is but mere window-dressing, an outer facade hiding an inner hypocrisy.

The complex problems ranging from racial justice to the nuclear-arms race, from the storage of surplus food to the ways an affluent society spends its money—*all* these must be brought within the scope of our religious professions, for the Gospel of Christ is related not only to the life beyond but to the life here and now as well. As an Asian evangelist has put it so forcefully:

"If we have nothing to say about 'bread and peace,' there is little chance that we will be heeded when we talk of redemption and eternal life."

Faithfulness to our Lord, therefore, means that we dare not retreat from the world nor be irrelevant to its needs, but rather that we shall dynamically apply the Gospel to the very forefront of the world's heart-breaking struggle for righteousness.

Prayer: O God, whose blessed Son was incarnate in this world and poured out his life for its redemption, grant us faithfulness to thy righteous will for all mankind. Amen.

—RICHARD DEATS

Looks at New Books

HORIZONS UNLIMITED

WHO digs a pit within earth's crumbling crust
And crouching there sees only walls of sand,
He counts his span of truth from dust to dust
And touches his horizons with his hand.

Who climbs a peak, to reach the rim of space
And hear the whispered silence of the skies,
He feels the breath of distance on his face
And follows far horizons with his eyes.

Who builds within his mind a shelf of books
And chooses its dimensions for his goal,
He finds extending everywhere he looks
Unlimited horizons for his soul.

—Evelyn Tooley Hunt

PUZZLING OVER evidences of special weeks observed in 20th-century America, some future archaeologist may conclude: "They had a very peculiar calendar."

April 16-22, in this year's "peculiar" calendar, is National Library Week. But I'm not going to feel a bit strange visiting the public library then, for it's my year-round habit. Hope it's yours.

If you've tried, as I have, to explain the meaning of Easter to a preschool child, you'll appreciate ***Glad Easter Day*** (Abingdon, $1.25). Author **Mary Edna Lloyd** doesn't try to get into the theological implications of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection. Rather, her text and June Goldsborough's drawings of children as they may have looked on that first Easter morning seek to transmit the joy of the day.

Jaroslav Pelikan, who received the Abingdon Award last year for *The Riddle of Roman Catholicism,* is the author of a new book on what leaders of the early Christian church believed about life, death, and immortality.

The Shape of Death (Abingdon, $2.25) explains the beliefs of Tatian, Clement of Alexander, Cyprian, Origen, and Irenaeus. It's an important historical and theological study that concludes:

"The Christian view of death . . . is intended to give men the faith to live in courage and to die in dignity, knowing very little about the undiscovered country except that by the grace of his cross, our Lord Jesus Christ has changed the shape of death."

Amidst my Lenten reading I've been turning back to another book, one that came out just before Christmas. It's ***The Day Christ Was Born*** (Harper, $3.50), by **Jim Bishop**, a reverent little volume that unfolds an imaginative and dramatic reconstruction of the birth of the Babe who was to die upon the cross.

It has a particular eloquence when read in the weeks leading up to Easter.

Stammerer's Tongue (Macmillan, $2.50) doesn't have the bite of **David Head**'s preceding work, *He Sent Leanness* [reviewed December, 1960, page 53]. But it's appropriate that it shouldn't for this is a book of prayers for the beginning Christian.

The author, an English Methodist minister, gives us examples of questions to God, prayer in daily life, prayer in the church, and prayer in affliction. He also discusses common problems and how to correct them; and, finally, asks searching questions to help the new Christian toward personal discovery of the spiritual rewards of prayer.

A Korean baby, thrust into his arms by a harried missionary responsible for more orphans than she could care for, set a Baptist minister, Bob Pierce, on a course that led to the formation of World Vision, Inc.

Now, a decade after its founding, this unique undenominational organization supports 14,000 children in 156 orphanages around the world. And it doesn't restrict its activities to orphans. It has distributed more than $5 million to build hospitals, schools and clinics, and to help major missionary groups meet emergency needs.

Magazine writer **Richard Gehman** went with Dr. Pierce on a tour that

covered most of East and South Asia. He came home breathless, and with a breath-taking story to tell about the men and women through whom the work of World Vision is accomplished. It's all in ***Let My Heart Be Broken*** (McGraw-Hill, $4.95).

The title comes from a brief prayer written on the flyleaf of the Bible that goes everywhere with Dr. Pierce: "Let my heart be broken with the things that break the heart of God."

The pastor is all but unknown in this country, but leaders of many Asian countries regard him as one of America's most important unofficial ambassadors.

Stage and film-star **Yul Brynner** is a sensitive amateur photographer, an articulate writer—and a man with a heart.

In 1959, as a special consultant to the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees he visited the camps in Europe and the Middle East in which thousands of people still live 15 years after the end of the war that made them homeless [see *Still No Room in Bethlehem,* February, page 25].

The children in these camps, growing to maturity in idleness and bitterness, are the focus of Brynner's concern in a compassionate book that is the more eloquent because of its restraint. In ***Bring Forth the Children*** (McGraw-Hill, $4.95), he says that when he first began visiting the camps he felt that all the children should immediately be taken out of those "human refuse heaps," even if it meant leaving their parents behind. But he learned that roots cannot be so casually torn up. The families must be saved as units, and the majority of them *can* be saved.

Photographs by Inge Moráth and Brynner himself illuminate his report. Searching, depressing, telling an urgent story of human need, they're ones you won't forget in a hurry.

What can Christians do? Brynner says that if every parent would contribute 50 cents for each child of his own, it would be possible to close virtually all camps in Europe. Other steps to a solution? CARE, certainly, plus more repatriation, emigration, and integration in countries of asylum. More compassionate immigration laws are indicated. Above all, Brynner urges, let us use some portion of the billions we now spend on arms to end the long nightmare of the world's dispossessed.

It's almost pure joy to run across ***Gone Are the Days,*** by **Harnett T. Kane** (Dutton, $12.50). "Almost" I say because, though it's a king-sized book with pictures, all aren't excellently reproduced. But even that minor reservation doesn't dim my enthusiasm for this album of the Old South during the Civil War.

How author Kane tapped such fabulous picture resources is hinted in the back-book section on credits. But even so, as one who also labors in the journalistic vineyard, I'm amazed. Pleased, too, as a Methodist, that he gives some heed to George Whitefield and to the circuit riders who carried the torch of enlightenment through the South.

If you're looking for a book to fill out your understanding of ante-bellum Dixie, I doubt you'll find one more satisfactory.

Our neighbor who's a bird watcher has been having a great time for herself this spring. She was able to buy a revised copy of a book she'd long wanted that had been out of print.

It's ***Bird Portraits in Color*** (University of Minnesota Press, $5.95), which covers 295 North American species. The author, **Thomas Sadler Roberts**, I'm told, was a general practitioner of medicine until the latter part of his life, when he gave up most of his practice to become a professor of ornithology. His love for his second profession shines through the text; and the color plates, by several artists, are exquisite.

The building that has housed New York City's Metropolitan Opera since 1883 will give way soon to a modern structure. This, of course, is progress, but I think those who have witnessed

Mel Silverman's woodcuts give depth to Elizabeth Allstrom's explanations of the Psalms for young people in Songs Along the Way *(Abingdon, $2.50).*

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great moments in the venerable old opera house may be forgiven if they shed a nostalgic tear.

And I think they'll cherish ***The Magic of the Opera*** (Praeger, $10) as I will. Rare old pictures and drawings, 72 superb new photographs by Gjon Mili, and a sensitive text by **Mary Ellis Peltz** capture the sweep and drama of grand opera at the Met.

Another New York musical landmark, Carnegie Hall, will escape the wrecker, but it, too, is entering a new era, under municipal ownership. **Richard Schickel** tells the story of this concert hall and the people who have made it great in ***The World of Carnegie Hall*** (Messner, $6.95).

Almost from the day the atom bomb fell on Hiroshima, *Saturday Review* editor **Norman Cousins** has devoted his principal attention to implications of the nuclear age. He has traveled the world to learn about them, has interested himself in its victims [see *The Hiroshima Maidens—15 Years Later,* August, 1960, page 14], has written articles and books, and has spoken from hundreds of platforms.

It's to the individual that he flings down a challenge in his newest book, ***In Place of Folly*** (Harper, $3):

"No greater fallacy exists in the modern world than that the individual in a free society is helpless. . . . He can think, he can talk, he can write, he can associate, he can make his opinions known," says Cousins.

His own opinions emerge sharply in the book: that a stronger UN, a sane nuclear policy, and, above all, a group conscience rising out of the shared convictions of individuals can save man from extinction.

Prefacing her action with the explanation that "**Maxine Davis** did wonders for my morale," Mrs. Barnabas has lent ***Get the Most Out of Your Best Years*** (Dial, $4) to a friend of ours who remarked that she dreaded "middle age."

Mrs. Davis, a wife, mother, and grandmother as well as top medical writer, believes the modern American woman's middle years are her best years. Advances of science and medicine have given her three new decades of life just when she has the leisure, vitality, and judgment to get the most out of it.

And, thinking of the vibrant, busy lives led by women I know who are in their "middle years," I believe Mrs. Davis is right.

The Methodist Church's quadrennial emphasis on China in Dispersion as a Land of Decision makes books like these four particularly significant for Methodists:

Communist China and Asia (Harper, $6.95), by **A. Doak Barnett,** is a full-scale study that discusses China in terms of the influence of her power on the free countries of Asia and on foreign policy. Barnett was in Peking in 1949 when the Communists came to power, and he has done research and reporting in other parts of Asia.

Ten Years of Storm (Holt Rinehart Winston, $6), by **Chow Ching-wen,** is a book by a former editor and college president who held high positions in the Red Chinese government and in the Chinese political groups. "With earnest hopes I went to Peking," he writes, "and, when I saw with my own eyes the tyrannies of the Chinese Communist Party, was disappointed and then looked for a chance to get away from Peking." He escaped to Hong Kong where he set down his experiences.

Mao Tse-tung and I Were Beggars (Syracuse University Press, $6) is the personal memoirs of **Siao-yu,** who knew the Chinese Communist leader when they were students in the same school in the city of Changsha. In 1917 the two youths wandered through central China, begging their way. Both favored radical Chinese reforms, but Mao advocated adoption of Russian Communism and Siao-yu unfalteringly opposed it. Their friendship came to an end after Mao participated in formation of the Chinese Communist Party in 1921. Siao-yu left China for the last time in 1939.

All the Emperor's Horses (Macmillan, $3.50) is a delightfully human book in which Kentuckian **David Kidd** describes the effect of Communist rule on the life of the autocratic Peking family into which he married. He lived in the sumptuous ancestral home in the brief days before the family was scattered to the winds by the Communist government.

Eleanor Roosevelt sets down her philosophy of life in ***You Learn by Living*** (Harper, $3.95). Of imagination, this extraordinary woman says:

"Of course, unless it is checked, imagination can remain only a means of escape; but if it is nourished and directed, it can become a flame that lights the way to new things, new ideas, new experience."

I'll always think of John Foster Dulles first as a churchman, second as a diplomat, because I first saw him at an interchurch session at Cleveland, where his idealistic approach to international affairs won my respect.

Now ***John Foster Dulles, Soldier for Peace***, by **Deane** and **David Heller** (Holt Rinehart Winston, $4.50), refreshes my memory of this great Christian statesman. With a mind of amazing acuity, forever sensitized to truths absorbed during his boyhood in

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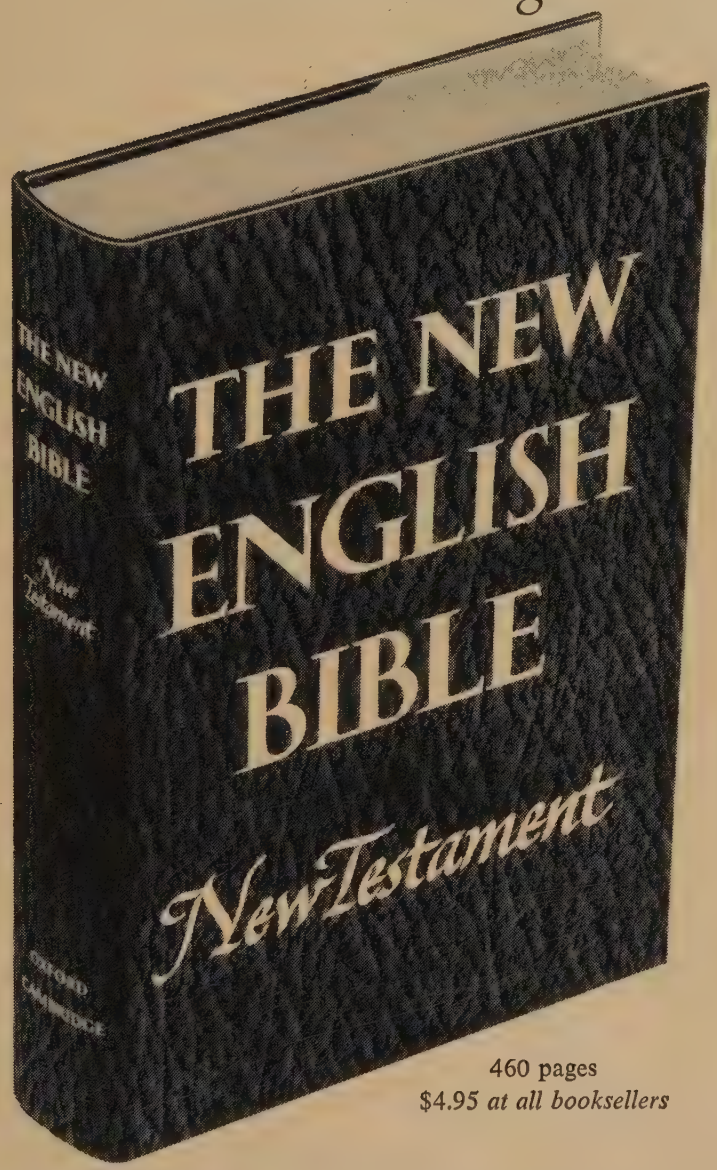

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a Presbyterian manse, he was so militant about peace that the title of this biography is not at all contradictory in terms.

I never get up into the Lake Tahoe country of California without a tingling in the imagination center of my brain, for there the Donner-Reed party in 1846 suffered one of the most amazing misadventures in American history. So, like a tack drawn to a magnet, I was pulled into the pages of ***Ordeal by Hunger***, by **George R. Stewart** (Houghton Mifflin, $6).

Here is the story in detail, not omitting the gruesome details of freezing, hunger, even cannibalism. And I freely concede I was the more interested because of the knowledge that the Reeds, who hailed from Springfield, Ill., were a Methodist family. The doll carried by little Martha, age 8, is now in the Sutter's Fort Museum at Sacramento, a poignant reminder that even tragedy could not quell the spirit of a winsome child.

If your interest in the *very* Old West justifies a side trip into Canada, you should put ***The Savage Country***, by **Walter O'Meara** (Houghton Mifflin, $5), on your spring reading list. I've read a lot about the Hudson's Bay Company but knew little—'til I read this book—of its great rival in the beaver-fur trade, the North West Company. O'Meara spins his text from bits plucked out of the journal of a fur trader, Alexander Henry the Younger, and he does it with skill.

And if Indians are fascinating to the small fry in your home, you'd do well to put within reach of small hands ***The American Indian***, a pictorial history by **Oliver La Farge** (Golden Press, $5.95).

The author, not unknown to TOGETHER readers [see *What's Ahead for the American Indian?* June, 1958, page 21], is a rare expert—rare because he can make his subject appealing and lucid. But the most remarkable thing about this volume is its 400 or so illustrations. Many are in color and, speaking as a staff member of a magazine specializing in color reproductions, I'll rise to remark that these are beautifully and wondrously done.

Nine different expeditions were sent to remote corners of the world in preparation for ***The Wonders of Life on Earth*** (published by *Life* magazine, distributed by Prentice-Hall, $12.50 regular edition, $14.50 deluxe edition). Nature photographers and illustrators made hundreds of new color photographs and drawings in the mysterious jungles of Brazil, in the heights of the Andes, deep in the shimmering waters of the Cocos Islands in the Indian

Ocean, and at many other far-off places.

The resulting book by the editors of *Life* and **Lincoln Barnett**, is a magnificent volume based on the research and writings of Charles Darwin. And, in the light of knowledge not available to the 19th-century naturalist, the book is able to illustrate important links then missing in the chain of evolution.

Why do airliners crash? And what is being done to make flying safer? **Robert J. Serling** tells the awesome story of aviation's advances and failures in ***The Probable Cause*** (Doubleday, $3.95).

Full, minute-by-minute stories of crashes that did and didn't happen illustrate the various factors involved —weather, maintenance, improper structural design, pilot error, mechanical failure, and overcrowded skies. Concluding, Serling makes this reassuring observation:

"Based on the comparatively poor 1959 safety record, if a passenger was born on an airliner and flew every day from then on without ever deplaning, he still could not expect to be involved in a fatal crash until he was 76 years old."

I've been steeping myself in the second volume of a remarkable new series of books on sculpture. ***Classical Greece*** (New York Graphic Society, $6.95), which is Volume II in the Acanthus History of Sculpture, recaptures the golden age of Periclean Greece through the famous Elgin Marbles from the Parthenon.

F. L. Kenett's black and white photographs are, in a word, incredible, and the text by **Nicholas Yalouris** is so easy going and readable it belies his impressive background. He's director of the Museum of Olympia and superintendent of antiquities in the Western Peloponnese.

The Acanthus series, under the editorship of Sir Herbert Read and H. D. Molesworth, will eventually cover the sculpture of all great historical periods and national styles. It is being printed in Switzerland.

Letters from teen-agers have gone to some lengths to point out that young people read just about everything adults do [see report on teen readers, March, page 52]. But if my young friends neglect the ***Teen-Age Treasury of Good Humor*** (Funk & Wagnalls, $4.95) because of its title, they're missing a trove of good reading.

Seon Manley has collected short stories, science fiction, poetry, and other musings from such writers as Benchley, Mencken, Twain, Tennyson, Tarkington, Shakespeare. And, in his words, "They laugh always for us, never against us, always with us."

—Barnabas

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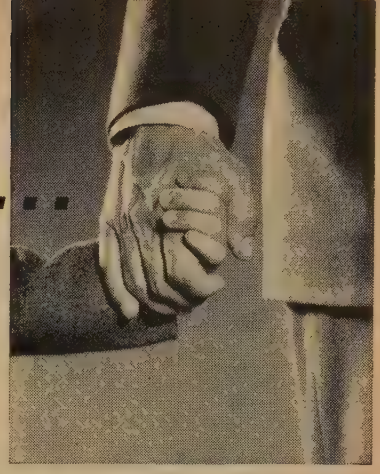

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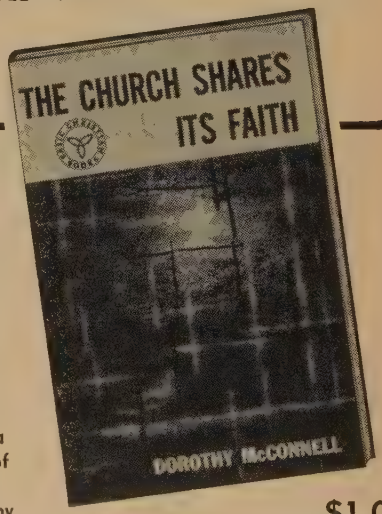

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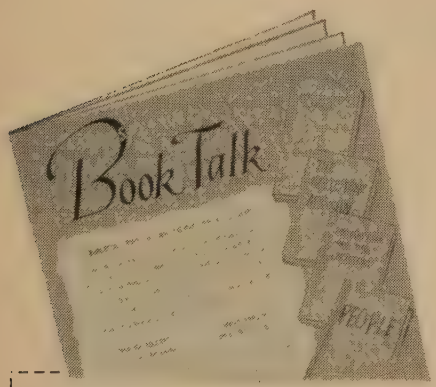

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BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH

I PREVIEWED the movie *Tunes of Glory*, starring Alec Guinness and John Mills, the other night. It tells about a Scottish regiment. With men like Guinness and Mills in it, you could hardly have a poor production; and it is indeed a picture filled with humor, sadness and, at the conclusion, greatness. Yet some bad words are used, and some very loose morals are apparent.

When pictures such as this one are seen by people who are not ready for them and by people who are too young for them, the only safety is the perspective that comes from the Christian faith. If I were a parent I would want my children to get a good dose of Christianity as soon as possible; for, without a knowledge of God's framework of our life, we are helpless under the barrage of immorality which meets us at every turn. To a lesser degree this same principle holds for books, though in the case of novels there is less excuse for choosing the evil. We can at least read the reviews.

THE CHILD BUYER, by John Hersey *(Knopf, $4).*

John Hersey has the ability to move into most any field and write with authority and skill. He does not allow himself to become labeled or confined. So you need not be surprised that in this book he talks about education with insight and profound perception. This will go down as one of the best satires of contemporary educational theory and American unbalance in this generation.

The action begins when a man is sent to purchase a young genius. National defense demands that the genius be stripped of all his humanity in order to become a thinking machine in the field of science. You'll be surprised to learn who are willing to sell him and who are opposed to the whole idea. You will not be surprised to see that Hersey carries to its logical conclusion the trend of our sacred response to Russia's apparent superiority in science. It is not a very pretty situation. This is a sparkling yarn, one that's mighty hard to put down. While it has a serious intent, I'm sure, it also is full of the kind of humor that kept my wife awake at night (because I could not keep from laughing out loud).

THE NYLON PIRATES, by Nicholas Monsarrat *(Sloane, $4.95).*

This is about a group of no-account, no-good people who are simply out to make a profit out of gambling, sex, and blackmail. Its locale is a luxury cruise. Monsarrat wrote a good book entitled *The Tribe That Lost Its Head*, and while this one shows the same writing skill, the result is far inferior to the other one. The wealthy people aboard ship exhibit no more understanding of dignity or morality than rabbits.

I found the story useful for one reason only: think of that ship as our world with its life a reflection of our own lust for sensation and ease. Then it becomes apparent that the real enemy is not something outside but something aboard.

The book leaves a kind of dirty feeling in your mind. Monsarrat may have meant it as a kind of morality play, but I wish he would try again and leave at least one of his readers less in need of being disinfected.

SLEEPING GIANT, by Martin Dibner *(Doubleday, $3.95).*

I have a feeling that Doubleday, being so large, publishes some novels in the hopes that this encouragement will inspire a new writer to try again and do better. *Sleeping Giant* is certainly nothing to write home about. The plot is in itself a cliche, with a strong but bad politician trying to dominate his son. The boy rebels with the help of his wife. But I never felt that anything really happened naturally.

There may be more to Brother Dibner than appears here, and I vote that he be given another chance. A few preachers have learned to conclude their sermons with skill and a sense of reality. The same possibility must be allowed to writers. Brethren, phony conclusions ruin the whole book.

Again this spring, Methodists join 40 million gardeners in the battle of

Seeds vs. Weeds

CHICAGO'S Granville Avenue Methodist Church presented a grim, forbidding face to its new minister on that day in 1934 when he saw it for the first time. Red and ugly, it perched atop a high foundation next to a tennis court. Not a shrub or flower graced its entrance.

One look was enough for the Rev. Benjamin M. Will. With paintbrush and spade, he led his little congregation in a massive attack on drabness. They painted the church white, circled it with a white picket fence, installed colonial lampposts to flank the gateway. Then they seeded a new lawn and planted flowers, shrubs, and trees.

One area set off as a Garden of Memories since has become the site of numerous memorials—a sundial, wrought-iron benches, a fountain, floral urns. Another area was designated as a bird sanctuary. Furnished with a summer pulpit, it was to become famed for its garden weddings. Hundreds of couples came from near and far to be married and pose for pictures in the beautiful surroundings.

Gradually, the little white church with the colorful gardens became a landmark in the jumble of apartment houses. Mr. Will gave it a nickname by which it now is best known: "The Country Church of the City." It has won many awards for making and inspiring improvements in its community, due largely to the expert care given by Ivan Sagel, for 18 years the church's full-time gardener.

Under the present pastor, the Rev. Ray V. Blanchard, Jr., the church continues to grow and prosper. A new church wing now occupies the old summer wedding site, but newly married couples still pose for pictures in the Garden of Memories. A sign there reads: "One is nearer God's heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth."

The scores of parishioners, visitors, and passers-by whom "The Country Church of the City" has inspired to beautify their own homes and gardens are part of an army of over 40 million persons who this year will spend more than $4 billion for gardening supplies—$2 billion on lawns, $1 billion for nursery products (trees, shrubs, plants), and $1 billion on seeds, tools, flowers, vegetables, and landscaping fees.

This Methodist church in Chicago, famous for its gardens, maintains its trim appearance with the help of youthful volunteer workers.

Not all green-thumbers raise flowers, of course. Some devote their energies to raising such prosaic but practical plants as carrots, onions, radishes, and other vegetables. Others produce exotic spices, or create artfully careless arrangements of rock and driftwood interspersed with sun-loving plants requiring little care.

Some gardens, in fact, contain no living plants at all. Japanese-style gardens—large rocks and smooth pebbles scattered and raked into designs—are becoming increasingly

Curt Cook, farmer and lay preacher of Arlington, Nebr., gives away his flowers to anyone who wants them.

popular, especially on the West Coast.

Gardeners, perhaps the largest group of hobbyists in existence, certainly don't conform to any pattern. Some exercise their green thumbs only to have fresh vegetables on the table; others regard an occasional glimpse of a green expanse of lawn or the scarlet banner of a rosebush in bloom as sufficient reward for their labors. There are those, too, who seem bent on testing nature's ingenuity, such as the Methodist minister in Dodge City, Kans., who nurtured his tomato plants to a height of 13 feet.

Gardeners—at least most Methodist gardeners—bear witness that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Mrs. J. C. Wilkinson of Colorado Springs, Colo., raises cacti in her garden, and Mrs. Lizzie Fitzgerald of Erin, Tenn., is interested not so much in flower blooms as in the seeds.

Herbs are the special fascination of Mrs. Ione May Koubek of Cleveland, Ohio. These fleshy-stemmed, low-growing plants change their fragrance during the night and, while they have virtually no food value, are used for flavoring and garnishing food, and in medicines and perfumes.

Perhaps the aristocrats among plant lovers are the amateur horticulturists who content themselves merely with observing wild flowers. They witness nature's beauty and magic without spending a cent on fertilizer or taking a hoe in hand. Actually, some domestic plants grow almost as easily as wild flowers.

Errald N. Turner, a Newport, Maine, Methodist, occasionally broke off a branch while planting privet hedges. Following him up, Mrs. Turner simply stuck the broken branches in the ground—and they grew! Wondering if this method of reproduction would work with other plants, Turner took pencil-length cuttings from his rosebushes in the fall and stuck them in the ground the next spring. Now he has so many roses he gives them away. "My greatest reward for all the work I put in on them is in making someone happier with a bouquet," he says.

Other Methodists who were almost overwhelmed by surplus blooms are the Curt Cooks of Arlington, Nebr. They started with a bargain assortment of 100 gladiolus bulbs and now have so many flowers that Cook makes regular deliveries to his church, the hospital, neighbors, and shut-ins. From June until frost, the Cooks cut the mature blooms (they now have 66 varieties) and store them in pails in a cool cave on their farm. Shaving the stems and changing the water daily keeps them fresh for a week.

A little-known offshoot of the science of growing things is the study of legends about flowers and trees, as practiced by Susan Mebane Akin of Columbia, Tenn. Miss Akin's listing under "Flower Legends" in TOGETHER's *Name Your Hobby* column [November, 1957, page 59] brought replies from people in seven states.

One of her favorite legends particularly suited to this season concerns the dogwood. According to the legend, the timbers of the cross at the Crucifixion were made from a great dogwood. Jesus, sensing the tree's distress at being used for this purpose, commanded that the dogwood never again grow large enough to be used as a cross. The dogwood today is a stunted, twisted tree, but its blooms grow in the form of a cross, its leaves have spots resembling nail prints, and it bears a crown of thorns in its center. This, the legend concludes, is a living reminder of our Lord's death upon the cross.

Whether you want to produce your own food, learn to arrange rocks artistically, or merely to gaze upon nature's beauty, the necessary supplies, tools, and information are easily available.

Many drug, department, and hardware stores now operate supermarket-style garden centers. Newspapers and magazines regularly publish information on how to care for everything from a large formal garden to a window flower in a coffee can. The National Council of Garden Clubs has 14,500 units with 400,000 members in 46 states and the District of Columbia. A library, a garden club, or even the Department of Agriculture in Washington, D.C., will gladly supply information.

Gardening is not without pitfalls, of course. As Shakespeare warned: "Sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste." Some insects are even quicker. But the feeling of most people who garden for the sense of peace and accomplishment it gives them was summed up by the American author Christian Nestell Bovee:

"To cultivate a garden is to walk with God, to go hand in hand with nature in some of her most beautiful processes, to learn something of her choicest secrets, and to have a more intelligent interest awakened in the beautiful order of her works elsewhere." —GEORGE A. ROWLAND

Susan Mebane Akin of Columbia, Tenn., specializes in arranging dried flowers. She also has collected interesting flower legends.

Name Your Hobby

Interested in swapping hobby notes? Just write any of these Methodists directly—or tell us your hobby and we'll list it in three to four months.

AFRICAN ARTIFACTS: Bartholomew Okekunle, c/o *Daily Times*, Box 139, Lagos, Nigeria; Raphael E. Enahoro, 16 Breadfruit St., Lagos, Nigeria.

AMATEUR RADIO: William E. Harris (W5TVN), 4608 Lois St., Fort Worth, Tex.

ANCIENT SAYINGS: Mrs. James O. McClarey, Bellower, Ill. (proverbs).

ANIMALS: Gwen Nelson, 1512 N. Jackson, Tacoma 66, Wash. (collecting and observing).

ANTIQUE JEWELRY: Mrs. Betty Dolly, 25 Euclid Ave., Cortland, N.Y.

ANTIQUES: Mrs. Don Harris, Garysburg, N.C.

APRONS: Gertie Tate, 514 Penn Ave., Chickasha, Okla.

BOOKS: Charles Lance, Serampore College, PO Serampore, West Bengal, India (religious).

BUTTERFLIES: Eddie Marker, 795 Salem St., Aurora 8, Colo.

CERAMIC BIRDS: Mrs. O. H. Blair, RD 3, New Carlisle, Ohio.

CHESS: Bob Bailey, 1015 Vista Grande, NW, Albuquerque, N.Mex. (by mail); Merrill Pritchett, 424 57th, NW, Albuquerque, N.Mex. (by mail).

CHURCH BULLETINS: Mrs. G. V. Denen, R.1, Box 287A, Marseilles, Ill.

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CUPS & SAUCERS: Mrs. Leon Majorwitz, 4425 Sherwood Lane, Houston 24, Tex.

GENEALOGY: Mrs. Myron Cooper, Racine, Minn. (Wilmarth, Willmarth, Carpenter, Gibbons, Ham, Howard, Emery, Bullock); Mrs. H. G. Bennett, R. 4, Box 91, San Benito, Tex. (Elswick, Chitwood, Pearce, Henderson, Bennett, Bryant, Benedict, Weber, Weaver, Neff); John E. Barber, 429 N. Blue Lake Ave., DeLand, Fla. (Barber, Barbour, Key, Kee, Kea, Keyes, Daniel, Daniels, Turkette, Leggo).

Mrs. Felix Schmidt, Box 82, Rock Springs, Wis. (Bunker); Mrs. Cyril Howes, 2195 Bruns Lane, Cincinnati 44, Ohio (McNair, Howes); Karen Moore, 2446 Highland Ave., Cincinnati 19, Ohio (Matthews, Claiborn); Mrs. G. G. Shook, 826 S. Myrtle Ave., Kankakee, Ill. (Sinn, Synn, Synne, Snook, Snooks, Frace, Frase, Impsen, Impson, Goulder); Bruce Trouten, Harmony, Minn. (Golberg, Sando, Luderud, Gulbrandson, Tronsen, Throndson, Tronsdatter, Rasmussen, Arneson, Johnson, Stedman, Damon, Kittell, Collier, Hayden, Stubbs, Jacklin, Orr, Elliott, Lindsay, Trouten).

Mrs. Stanley Bourne, R. 1, Iowa Falls, Iowa (Knox, Patton, Watson, Walsh, Brown, Bassett); Malcolm G. McCown, 155 Addax Dr., San Antonio 1, Tex. (Appling, Ballard, Buchanan, Chadwick, Conn, Farmer, Hughes, Jones, Johnson, Lewis, McCown, Partridge, Patridge, Poteet, Roberts, Smith, Wade); Lawrence E. Lewellin, 326 Charles St., Pekin, Ill. (Lewellin, Llewellyn, Berry).

Mrs. C. A. Fuerstenau, 425 N. Isabel St., Glendale 6, Calif. (Fiske, Parker, Watson, Whittier, Samson); Mrs. S. L. Piper, 3832 S. "L" St., Tacoma 8, Wash. (Pilcher, Goldsborough, Swails); Gerald H. Helsel, 419 Poplar St., Roaring Spring, Pa. (Clapper, Clopper).

GUNS: Albert C. Rockel, 229 Lowell Ave., Trenton 9, N.J. (antique percussion or flint).

HANDKERCHIEFS: Mrs. Florence Krowlek, RFD, Lacon, Ill.; Candy Parrott, 99 NE 148th St., N. Miami Beach, Fla. (state maps).

HORTICULTURE: Dr. J. D. Engle, R. 1, Lost Creek, W.Va. (especially dahlias).

INDIAN ARROWHEADS: Alan Spors, Melrose, Wis.

MINIATURES: Mrs. F. R. Frasher, 405 Morton Ave., Moundsville, W.Va. (charm-bracelet size).

NAPKINS: Kathy Gribbin, RR 1, Converse, Ind.

PENCILS: Mrs. Ferne Hewitt, 118 W. Park Dr., Bridgeton, N.J. (advertising); Donny Gribbin, RR 1, Converse, Ind. (advertising); Mrs. Robert W. Vogt, 32 Nesaquake Ave., Port Washington, N.Y. (advertising); Tom Stringer, Farnhamville, Iowa (advertising).

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS: Walter Johnson, RR 3, Hoopeston, Ill. (Dixieland jazz).

PICTURE FRAMING: Frank Rightsell, 2229 E. Main St., Morristown, Tenn.

PICTURES: Joyce Gable, 423 Dolores Dr., NW, Albuquerque, N.Mex. (of horses).

PILLOWCASES: Mrs. Allen Ballou, Box 111, Winthrop, St. Lowrence Co., N.Y. (embroidered with crocheted lace edging).

PINE CONES: Mrs. E. G. Ranton, 525 E. Elmore St., Lebanon, Oreg. (making candleholders and placques from).

PLATES: Myrtle G. Rush, 1012 Fifth St., Turlock, Calif. (Indian, state).

POETRY: William Beyer, Box 79, Asbury College, Wilmore, Ky.; Mrs. Blanche Slutz, R. 2, Salem, Ohio; Rev. Edward Johnson, Reno, Pa.

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QUILTS: Mrs. Laura A. Smith, 1121 Daulton St., Madera, Calif. (log cabin, silk, wool).

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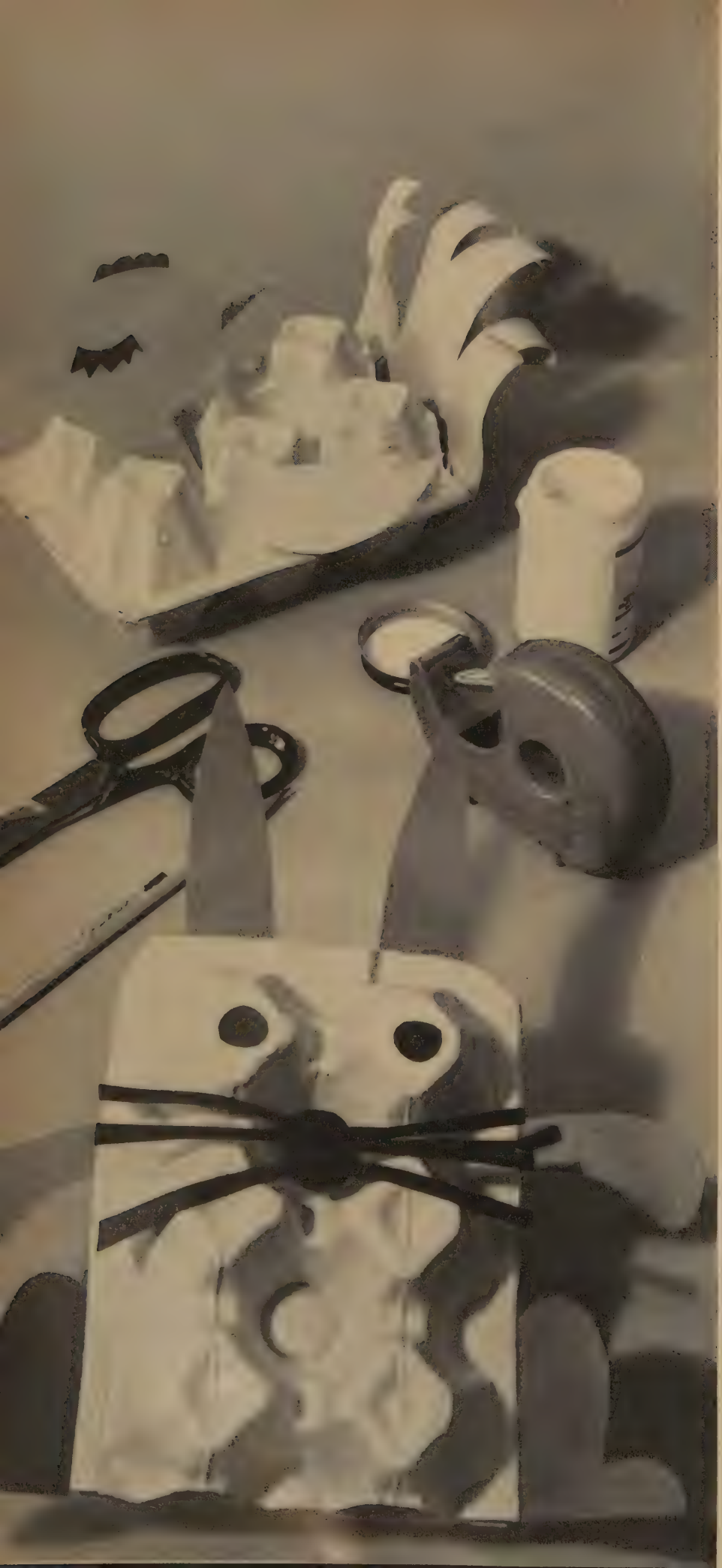
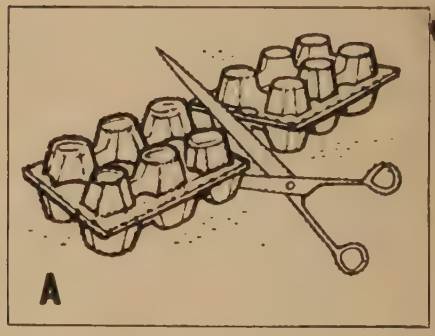


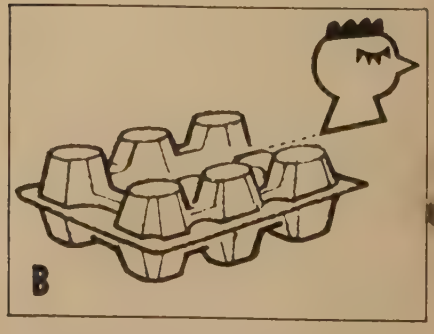
Egg Carton Friends

FEATHERS the Chick and Whiskers the Rabbit are just two of many interesting animals you can make from egg cartons. All you need besides some empty egg cartons (the lumpy kind) are paper, glue, cellophane tape, and—most of all—lots of imagination.

You can make both Feathers the Chick and Whiskers the Rabbit from only one egg carton simply by cutting the carton in

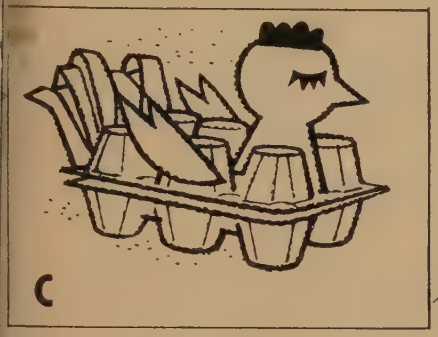


half (drawing A). To make the chicken, first cut her head, wings, and tail feathers out of bright construction paper. Make a little slit on the top of the closed end of the egg carton and



stick the head in it (drawing B). Then paste the wings on each

side and tape the tail feathers to the open end of the carton. You can make the feathers curl by rolling the ends of the paper on a pencil. When Feathers the Chick is finished, you will still be able to lift the lid on the

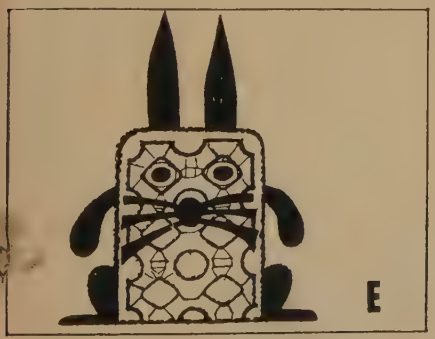


egg carton (drawing C). Inside you'll find a perfect place to hide a couple of bright Easter eggs as a happy surprise for someone!

For Whiskers the Rabbit, first cut the lid off half of an egg carton. Then paste paper legs, arms, and ears onto the underneath side (drawing D). Now glue the two parts of the egg carton back together again and

give the rabbit some paper eyes and whiskers, and a cotton-ball tail (drawing E). That's all there is to it!

Now see if you can think of



other egg-carton friends to make. How about an alligator, a caterpillar with many legs—or even a lumpy, grumpy bear?

The Seasons

When summer comes, it seems to me
I like it best of all the year;
But when the leaves turn red and gold,
And autumn time again is here,
I think I like that season best.
When winter comes with snow and ice
And Christmas, too, then I feel sure
That winter time is extra nice.

And then, when spring and Easter come
And grass gets green and bluebirds sing
And flowers blossom everywhere—
I know how much I like the spring.
Yes, I like spring—and winter, too;
I like the summer and the fall.
If I were asked to choose just one,
I couldn't, for I love them all!

—ROWENA CHENEY

April Song

April is made of
such wonderful things:
Sunbeams and tulips
and butterfly wings,

Cherry-tree blossoms
and little green shoots,
Umbrellas and puddles
and red-rubber boots,

Lambs in the meadows
and children in swings;
April is made of
such wonderful things!

—Ruth Adams Murray

Pastor Charles Kendall greets two of his flock against the background of Hollywood's First Methodist Church.

Unusual problems arise when dreams don't come true, and the congregation changes weekly. He gets results by being a . . .

Home-Town Pastor *in Hollywood*

THE NATION'S film capital may have been built on illusion, it may be a city of hope for some and heartbreak for others—but it's also the home town of thousands whose lives, problems, and aspirations differ but little from those of folks who live in such places as Fort Wayne, Memphis, or Boston.

When Dr. Charles Kendall arrived, fresh from Indiana and Arizona, to take over the pastorate of Hollywood's First Methodist Church, he was convinced of this. But he had not quite anticipated the problems he was to face: The church, unlike others he had served, was situated in an area which has a population turnover of 95 per cent a year! The genial minister found himself facing the baffling, perennial problem of a hit-and-run population. Because of this situation, First Methodist could have become another declining urban church, despite its roster of illustrious

Dr. Kendall understands: He once worked with a studio and took a "bit" part. A versatile musician, he has several records to his credit.

Not all members come and go. One who stayed is Randy Wood, president of Dot Records and a Paramount executive who came to Hollywood from Tennessee five years ago. He's a long-time Methodist who ushers on Sunday mornings.

On Wednesdays, the Family Night is fun and informative for all. Here, the Oscar-winning producer, Leo Rosencrans, tells those assembled about a film he has recently completed. Rosencrans has helped in the creation of over 300 films to date.

Judy Tillinghast, 22, works as secretary at NBC-TV nearby in Burbank. A newcomer to First Methodist, Judy lost no time in joining the church choir. She's also active in the young adult group, Bachelors and Belles.

Romance bloomed for Bill and Norma Graves when they met at Bachelors and Belles. Norma works for the Purchasing Agents' Association in Los Angeles. Bill is a technical writer, goes to school, too. Both enjoy the young adult group.

names in the world of entertainment.

An example: Once, when saturation mailing was tried, only 30 out of 4,000 letters brought responses!

Realizing that the church must reach out to people who moved faster than they could be reached, First Methodist officials decided to broadcast its Sunday services. Gradually a large listening audience was built up and the church began drawing inactive members back into the fold while benefiting those who were unable to leave home.

"People who come to Hollywood," says Dr. Kendall, "want to get into the entertainment field or one of the other glamour industries. This is true, especially, of young people. They rent an apartment, put in a phone, and get busy. Either they run out of money in 30 days and return home or they find jobs in other communities."

Such a girl recently phoned Dr. Kendall for an appointment. Some weeks before, she had left home, certain she would become a star. But in Hollywood, she had gone everywhere, tried every office, met every agent to no avail. About all she had succeeded in doing was collecting a great number of improper proposals.

"She had come to believe there were no more decent, honest people left," Dr. Kendall said. "Through our church contacts we got her a job in a nice business office. She became a part of the choir and joined our young adult group. She stayed all winter and spring, adjusted herself, and went back home to marry a young man in her community."

This home-town philosophy is getting results. Today First Methodist numbers 1,560 members and draws an average church attendance of 850. The transients still come and go, and Dr. Kendall keeps them in mind as he plans his sermons. "This is their church, even if for only one Sunday," he explains. It is very important, he knows, to reach into their hearts and minds, giving solace and reassurance, during a difficult transition point in their lives.

An exciting time in summer Bible school is when the children stay in the church overnight. Nearby Hollywood Bowl provides plenty of stargazing.

Although glamour may abound in this unusual California city, here in a solemn prayer circle the young marrieds in the Homebuilders' Class of Hollywood First Methodist Church enjoy a moment of quiet communion.

NEWS of the world parish

BOARD OF MISSIONS SPENDING UP $1.3 MILLION

The Methodist Board of Missions spent $30,118,000 for its work during the fiscal year ending May 31, 1960, an increase of $1,314,000 over the previous 12 months. Of this, $15,444,000—51 per cent—went overseas, and $11,123,000—37 per cent—for work in the U.S. and Puerto Rico.

These figures were contained in a financial report presented some 600 delegates at the board's annual January meeting in Buck Hill Falls, Pa. Also at the meeting, more than $20 million was appropriated for the 1961-62 period, 69 young people from 20 states were commissioned as missionaries, and a report on the rise of African nationalism was presented by Bishop Newell S. Booth, who administers Africa's Elisabethville Area [see *We're Back in the Congo,* March, page 14].

Bishop Booth's report on Africa, prepared jointly with Bishop Ralph E. Dodge of the Lourenço Marques Area, emphasized that the struggle for self-determination will continue in Africa's regions of continued domination. He said:

"There will be forces from outside challenging the new nations on their right to exist; from within there will be struggles between individuals desiring power and among tribal groups seeking positions of power and privilege."

African industry, the bishops declared, will continue to develop with three factors to attract it: raw materials, reasonably cheap power, and a large labor force.

Though stable governments will attract more capital, the reverse also is true, the bishops reported. The economic development will largely determine whether it is possible to have stable governments.

Division of World Missions General Secretary Eugene L. Smith said that revolutions, while shaking countries all over the world, have also brought a sense of spiritual revival.

In Korea, Japan, the Congo, South Africa, and Latin America, he said, there is apparently a desire for closer contact with Christianity.

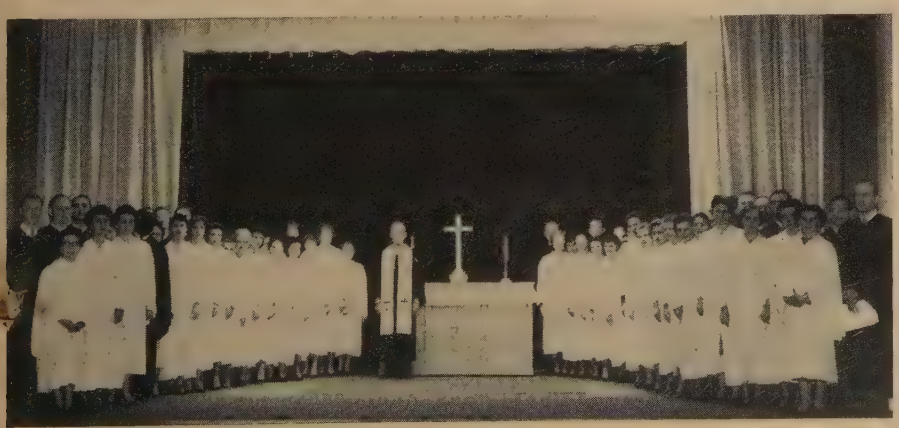
Methodist of the Year awards were given at the meeting by *World Outlook,* magazine published by the board.

Recipients were William W. Reid, retiring director of the board's department of news service, and Dr. George W. Harley, who retired a year ago after 35 years as a missionary in Liberia.

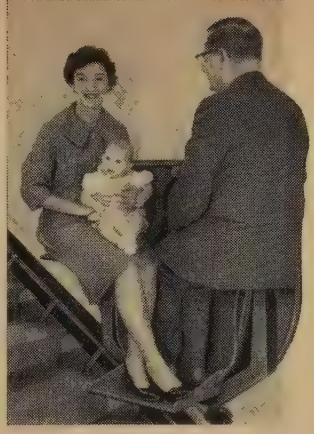
Methodists Are Peacemakers In U. of Georgia Squabble

A Wesley Foundation director's guidance and the calm, constructive behavior of Methodist students were credited with helping to smooth integration at the University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.

Even before the arrival of Negro students Charlayne Hunter and Hamilton E. Holmes, the Rev. Russell Edwards told his Wesley Foundation members, "The eyes of the world are upon us. . . . How are we, as Christians and Methodists, going to act in the future? What kind of history are



These 69 missionaries were commissioned for work in the U.S., Puerto Rico, and 40 foreign countries by Bishop Richard C. Raines, Methodist Board of Missions president (center), at the annual meeting of the board at Buck Hill Falls, Pa.



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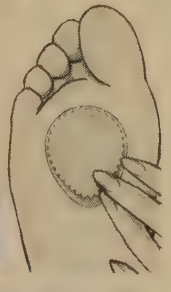

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we going to make?" He sharply criticized a campus cross-burning and effigy-hanging.

While Klansmen and other agitators stirred an already boiling situation, Mr. Edwards went among the students, trying to create a sense of conviction in them.

"I was trying to mold them into a community of God's people," he said.

Of the 2,300 Methodists in the 7,500-member student body, most declined to take part in the demonstrations, though opinion on the segregation issue was far from unanimous. When rioting started, many of them assumed a peace-making role and some started a new campus group to offset the influence of students leading anti-integration activities.

Jack Sanders, local Methodist Student Movement president, was in the lead in trying to keep order. The Wesley Foundation vice-president was detailed to guard Miss Hunter, and 88 per cent of the university's students signed a petition to the legislature asking that the school be kept open.

Dean William Tate and Dean of Students Joseph H. Williams, both active members of Athens First Methodist Church, also took firm action at the time which helped to dispel the campus turmoil.

Stamps Boost Attendance

The Conyers, Ga., Methodist Church nearly doubled its Sunday-evening church attendance with a "go to church and get a stamp" program.

C. R. Vaughn, Jr., church-school superintendent, said the church printed about 5,000 green stamps for adults, 5,000 yellow stamps for children, and 250 stamp books for distribution among its 650 members.

Members were given stamps for Sunday-evening service attendance and participation in WSCS, Methodist Men, Methodist Youth Fellowship, and choir activities. Those with the most stamps when the program concludes on Palm Sunday may redeem them for an outing at Warm Springs and Calloway Gardens the Sunday after Easter.

Vaughn said that before the stamp-giving program began, Sunday-evening attendance was about 50. "It has at least doubled since then," he added.

Methodist-Related Schools Show Enrollment Gains

Enrollment in the 135 Methodist colleges, universities, theological seminaries, and other schools increased 2.7 per cent during 1959-60.

Reports to the Methodist Board of Education, however, show the increase was less than the national average, which was 4.4 per cent in the same period.

During the 1959-60 school year, Methodist-related educational institutions had a total enrollment of 205,527. Enrollment in the 12 theological seminaries last fall was a record-breaking 3,210.

Methodists in the past four years gave $80 million to their colleges and other schools.

The board has recommended that the annual conferences set goals of $1.50 per church member per year for giving to colleges, and 50 cents per member per year for the support of Wesley Foundations.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

APRIL

2—Easter Sunday.
4-7—Meeting of Council of Bishops of The Methodist Church, Boston, Mass.
11-13—Washington Seminar for Methodist Ministers, Washington, D.C.
14-20—Meeting of executive committees, Methodist Board of Missions and its divisions, New York, N.Y.
16—National Christian College Day.
19-21—Annual meeting, U.S. Conference for the World Council of Churches, Buck Hill Falls, Pa.
21-22—Canadian-U.S. Consultation on Industrial Issues, co-sponsored by the Methodist church of Buffalo and Toronto, Buffalo, N.Y.
24-28—National Conference on Christian Social Concerns, Washington, D.C.

WSCS STUDY TOPICS: General program—*Woman's Changing Roles* by Miss Byrna Ball; Circle program—*The Dilemma of the Young American Mother* by Mrs. Ernest Lefever.

Urge More Active UN Policy

The Woman's Division of Christian Service of the Methodist Board of Missions has urged Congress to take a more active role in determining U.S. policy toward and within the United Nations.

Emphasizing that determination of present policy seems to be left almost entirely to the President and the State Department, the division suggested Congress create an active United Nations Affairs Committee "which would discuss U.S.-UN affairs in relation to pending legislation or policies."

The UN resolution was one of several adopted at the division's annual meeting in January at Buck Hill Falls, Pa.

In other actions, the WDCS:

- Called on Congress to expand the work of the Senate subcommittee on disarmament.
- Instructed its Christian social relations department to get the facts concerning China and its admission to the UN so local WSCS groups could determine their own opinions.
- Urged the federal government to provide health protection for older peo-

le, using the contributory machinery f the existing social security system.

• Received a report noting "with eep regret" that Congress had au- horized a five-year commemoration nd observance of the century-old Civil Var, pointing out such an observance ow "may well provide the means for imulating divisive elements, stirring p slumbering sectionalism, and gen- rating strife that can result in untold amage."

TANEs Write Church History

TOGETHER's 27 *Area News Editions* TANEs) provide an excellent source f information for Methodist historical ocieties.

One conference historical society al- eady is filing its *Area News Edition* or this purpose.

In a recent report, the Methodist Historical Society of the Minnesota Conference declared, "The *Minnesota Area News Edition* in TOGETHER mag- zine contains good historical informa- ion of our time and will be bound for uture reference."

The society now, for the first time, is isting and cataloging items of historical nterest from *Area News Editions,* ooks, and other written records at its new location in the Methodist head- quarters building in Minneapolis.

Withdrawal of Missionaries Fails to Halt Church Work

Despite withdrawal of Methodist missionaries from the Central Congo and Cuba conferences, work of The Methodist Church in both countries is being carried forward by capable native church leaders.

As this was written, all Methodist missionaries had been withdrawn from northern Kasai and Kivu provinces in the Congo, and only one missionary remained in Cuba.

Most of the 34 missionaries evacuated from the two Congo provinces will go eventually to Salisbury in Southern Rhodesia. A few Woman's Division of Christian Service missionaries will go to Kitwe, Northern Rhodesia, to work at the Christian Writing Center. A few others, whose furloughs were due this summer, are expected to return shortly to the U.S.

The evacuation January 23 did not involve missionaries in the Southern Congo Annual Conference in Katanga Province.

In mid-July of last year, all Methodist missionaries were evacuated from the Central Congo and all but seven from the Southern Congo. As late as January 18 this year, 82 missionaries were back at work in the Central and Southern Conferences, compared with 110 before last July's evacuation.

Bishop Newell S. Booth of the Elisabethville Area (Congo), before returning to the Congo from New York, said that the church's work is in the hands of able African church leaders. He added that the evacuation apparently stemmed from an extension of antiwhite feeling on the part of certain Congolese elements. There were reports of some Methodist missionaries being mistreated and their cars stopped and searched. One was reported kidnaped and held for a short time.

As for Cuba, Bishop James W. Henley, Jr., of Jacksonville, Fla., says that Methodists there have closed ranks to carry on the work of an indigenous church. All but one of the nearly 50 missionaries working in Cuba have left.

The bishop denied reports that mission funds are not getting through to Cuban Methodists. The Methodist Board of Missions, he said, "is still distributing funds regularly and as intended."

Bishop W. T. Watkins Dies

Bishop William T. Watkins, former head of Methodism's Louisville Area, died in a Louisville, Ky., hospital February 6. He was 65.

Minister, educator, and editor, Bishop Watkins, who retired in 1959 because of ill health, was stricken with a heart attack on February 5.

A native of Maysville, Ga., he had served pastorates in the North Georgia Conference from 1914 to 1930. For the next eight years he was professor of church history at the Candler School of Theology, Emory University, Atlanta, Ga. Between 1932 and 1936 he also was editor of the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate.*

Bishop Watkins was elected to the episcopacy in the former Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1938, and before going to the Louisville Area in 1944 he had served as bishop in Mississippi, Missouri, and South Carolina. He was a past president of the Southeastern Jurisdictional College of Bishops.

Survivors include his widow and five sons.

Big Job for Chaplains

An average of 568 persons coming into or being discharged from the nation's armed forces each working day are Methodists, says Dr. John R. McLaughlin, general secretary of the Methodist Commission on Chaplains.

In his annual report to the commission, Dr. McLaughlin said this figure is about 42 per cent greater than the membership in the average Methodist church. Another 24 million people are institutionalized in the U.S.., he said, and the commission is enlarging its service to them.

The number of Methodist military

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chaplains on active duty last year totaled 463, and those in institutional service 129. The commission endorsed 44 ministers for the chaplaincy out of 70 who applied last year.

Missionary Becomes Coach

The Rev. Lester E. Griffith of Cleveland, Ohio, who was held prisoner by the Algerian Nationalists for 40 days in 1958, is combining sports with church work in North Africa. [See *My 40 Days and Nights With the Algerian Rebels,* April 1959, page 12.]

Mr. Griffith, now superintendent of Methodist work in Tunisia, has been selected by the Tunisian government to help organize and train a national basketball team.

A basketball player in college and in the Army, Mr. Griffith is following in the footsteps of the late Dr. C. Guyer Kelly, who in 25 years of Methodist missionary service organized 160 baseball teams in Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, and Libya.

Wills Committees Growing

Over 2,600 Methodist churches now have active wills and legacies committees.

The committees seek to encourage church members to make wills giving adequate provision for family and personal needs, and remembering the church in any of its long-term needs at local and world-service levels.

Dr. J. Homer Magee, associate secretary of the Council on World Service and Finance and director of the committee on wills, bequests and gifts, has announced the new theme of the denomination's wills education program will be *Make a Will That Remembers the Church.*

Vote on Merger of Seven Churches in India

India's 500,000 Methodists will decide during the next two years whether to merge with six other Protestant denominations to form a new United Church of North India and Pakistan.

The proposed merger, contained in a Plan of Union developed by the seven negotiating denominations, already has been approved by the Southern Asia Central Conference, Indian Methodism's highest legislative body.

If, during the next two years, the plan is approved by two thirds of the voting members, lay and clerical, of each of the 11 Annual Conferences, the 1964 Methodist General Conference in Pittsburgh will be asked for an enabling act to permit Indian Methodism to unite with the other denominations. Among them are Anglicans, Baptists, and Presbyterians.

The Methodists of India constitute the largest unit in The Methodist Church outside the U.S. So far as is known, the merger, if finalized, will involve the first united church in which Methodist and Anglican bishops will serve together. Methodists who merged into the United Church of Canada and the Church of South India belonged to the British Methodist Church, which has no bishops.

If the Indian Annual Conferences approve, and the General Conference authorizes the merger, the 1964 Southern Asia Central Conference may take the necessary steps to consummate the union. Nine of the conferences presumably would enter the United Church of North India and Pakistan, and the two other conferences, Hyderabad and South India, presumably would negotiate for merger with the Church of South India.

Propose New Conference

Creation of a new Methodist Annual Conference to serve the metropolitan Washington, D.C., area has been proposed by the Alexandria (Va.) District of the Virginia Conference.

The proposed new conference would include the District of Columbia and adjacent portions of Maryland and Virginia. All are in different conferences, areas, and jurisdictions.

Honor Retiring News Director

William W. Reid, retiring director of the Methodist Board of Missions' department of news service, was honored by the Methodist Press Association at a testimonial dinner during the board's annual meeting at Buck Hill Falls, Pa.

Mr. Reid, long-time member of the MPA, received a fountain pen from his fellow Methodist newsmen in recognition of his 42 years of news, public relations, educational, and promotional services to the denomination.

In the photo below, Dr. John Marvin of Adrian, Mich., MPA president and editor of the *Michigan Christian Advocate,* presents the gift to Mr. Reid (center) as Mrs. Reid, at his side, watches.

Newsman Reid (center): A salute to his 42 years of service to missions.

CENTURY CLUB

Four centenarians join TOGETHER's Century Club this month. Each is a Methodist who has celebrated 100 or more birthday anniversaries. They are:

John F. Edinger, 101, East Stroudsburg, Pa.
Mrs. Alice Copes, 101, Brookville, Ind.
Mrs. Minnie Gabel, 101, Yorkville, Ill.
Sam Burt, 100, Aurora, Nebr.

TOGETHER has printed names of many Club members but has yet to honor a husband-wife combination. Let's hear about them! Names of Methodists 100 or more are published as received from readers. Please allow two months for publication.

Many Flunk Bible Quiz

When some 1,200 persons in Glendale, Calif., were quizzed in a door-to-door survey of biblical knowledge, only 57.7 per cent of them knew Bethlehem as the city of Jesus' birth.

The study was made by the Seventh-day Adventist youth activities department.

The highest correct response was 69.9 per cent on identifying Goliath as the giant David killed; the lowest correct response, 21.7 per cent, came to the question, "Where in the Bible are the Ten Commandments?"

Only 52.6 per cent knew that it was Moses who led the Israelites out of Egypt, and 65 per cent correctly gave 12 as the number of Jesus' disciples.

Observe 143rd Anniversary

Establishment of the first Methodist church in Australia 143 years ago was commemorated by members of the Australian Methodist Historical Society.

Ceremonies took place at Castlereigh in New South Wales, where a settler, John Lees, built the church in 1817.

Lees, who could not give money toward construction of the church, financed the project by donating the proceeds from an acre of his best land.

Share in Science Grants

Fourteen Methodist-related schools will share in benefits this summer as the National Science Foundation gives 20,000 high-school and college teachers a "new look" at their subjects—science, mathematics, and engineering.

Part of the foundation's $22.6 million in grants for summer institutes will go

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April, 1961

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Entry Forms are still available. Just write us here at 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Meantime, here's a run-down on the rules:

Subject: "Why I Go to Church." Deadline: May 1. Awards: $250, $150, $75, plus five honorable mentions. Eligibility: Any full-time college student between 17 and 25, regardless of religious affiliation. (Pastors not eligible.) Manuscripts: 2,000-2,500 words, typed double-spaced, with Entry Form attached.

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Frances Hathaway

John Dickins Editor

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to College of the Pacific, American University, Emory University, Nebraska Wesleyan University, Illinois Wesleyan University, Northwestern University, DePauw University, Syracuse University, Duke University, Baldwin-Wallace College, Ohio Wesleyan University, Huston-Tillotson College, Southern Methodist University, and Randolph-Macon Woman's College.

The grants range from $40,000 to $174,000.

Methodists to Implement Concern for the Aging

The question of how The Methodist Church can and should express its concern for older persons will be tackled soon in regional consultations.

This was one of the results of the White House Conference on the Aging, attended by official representatives of the Woman's Division of Christian Service and the Boards of Education, Hospitals and Homes, and Christian Social Concerns.

They said they hoped to be able jointly to develop consultations on a regional basis to see how the church's concern for older persons should be expressed in the future, particularly in the areas of education, social service, and institutional care.

A sizable number of Methodists—some representing states and volunteer-service organizations—were among the more than 3,000 delegates who attended the 20 study sections at the conference.

Participants in the section on religion adopted a report urging acceptance of older persons as individuals "entitled to responsible membership within the religious fellowship."

The report also declared that religious institutions should make a greater effort to take a full and proper role in the life of the aged. Religious groups, it added, have the obligation to instill as an essential of sound family life an attitude of respect for the individuality and intrinsic importance of each aging member.

Churches were urged to help clergymen and lay workers better understand the aged through workshops, seminars, and college-refresher courses, and to take the lead in establishing community services which help individuals adjust to the approach of old age.

[See TOGETHER's *Sunset Issue,* November, 1960, which was devoted entirely to the process of growing old and the problems of the aging.]

10 Governors Are Methodists

Ten of the 50 state governors are Methodists.

A survey by Methodist Information lists the following governors as Methodists: John R. Patterson of Alabama, Paul R. Fannin of Arizona, Farris

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The American Cancer Society is now giving one out of every six of its research dollars to leukemia-related research.
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ryant of Florida, Robert E. Smylie of daho, John Anderson, Jr., of Kansas, Millard Tawes of Maryland, Edward .. Mechem of New Mexico, Terry anford of North Carolina, Buford llington of Tennessee, and Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin.

oins Missions News Staff

George M. Daniels, a member of the taff of TOGETHER and CHRISTIAN AD-OCATE for the past three years, has been named assistant director of the Methodist Board of Missions department of news service in New York City.

Mr. Daniels

Mr. Daniels joined the TOGETHER/ADVOCATE staff after serving with the Associated Negro Press and the *Chicago Daily Defender*, a daily newspaper. A native of St. Louis, Mo., he follows Leonard Perryman, who took over as director of the department this year when William W. Reid retired. Mr. Daniels is succeeded on the TOGETHER/ADVOCATE staff by James Miner, former managing editor of the *Arkansas Methodist*.

Bishops Given Added Duties

Bishops Nolan B. Harmon of Charlotte, N.C., and Paul Hardin, Jr., of Columbia, S.C., have been assigned to supervise two Methodist Annual Conferences in the Birmingham Episcopal Area administered by Bishop Bachman G. Hodge until his death last January.

The assignments were announced by Bishop Paul N. Garber of Richmond, Va., secretary of the Southeastern Jurisdictional College of Bishops. The two bishops are expected to serve until a replacement for Bishop Hodge is named in 1963.

Bishop Harmon, who administers the Charlotte Area, will supervise the North Alabama Conference, and Bishop Hardin, administrator of the Columbia Area, will supervise the Alabama-West Florida Conference.

MPH to Build New Center

The Methodist Publishing House will build a $541,531 Northeastern Regional Service Center at Teaneck, N.J. It will be located on a three-acre plot.

Lovick Pierce, MPH president and publisher, announced that the contract for the new building is being awarded to the Thatcher Construction Company of New York City.

Located about 14 miles from Times Square, the building will contain 36,155 square feet of space, 19,375 for ware-

FEEDING FIFTY

Best Heated Twice, That's SPRICE

Don't let the outmoded oven fool you—Sprice is made with the quick, easy methods of today.

A MAIN DISH that can be made quickly and served immediately is a treasure for church meals. If it improves when reheated, better yet. That's why I was intrigued when Margaret Donaldson, editor of TOGETHER's *New York Area News Edition*, told me about a rice, meat, and cheese dish that has both these virtues—and is hard to beat for taste. She calls it Sprice.

It has been served twice to delighted diners at her church, Mamaroneck (N.Y.) Methodist, and Peg was about to prepare a group-sized quantity at home. It was going to be served to the New York East Conference's pastoral care committee, meeting the next day at historic John Street Church in New York City [see *Barbara Heck Makes a Point*, pages 2 and 3].

"Let me know how they like it," I suggested. A few days later she reported: "There was a bad blizzard and only 14 came—but they ate up all the food prepared for 25!"

Here is Peg's recipe for 50:

SPRICE

1 pound butter or margarine
1 large onion, chopped
1 cup flour
2½-3 quarts milk
2 pounds domestic yellow cheese
1½ boxes instant rice (15-ounce size)
6 cans canned luncheon meat (12-ounce size)

Melt butter or margarine in large pan over low heat. Add chopped onion and let it simmer but not brown. Stir in flour and add milk gradually for thin white sauce. Cut up cheese in sauce, and continue cooking until cheese melts. Cook rice according to directions on box. Cut meat in small cubes. Combine all ingredients, including jellied fluid surrounding the meat.

The Sprice is now ready to serve, but it's even better if you have time to place it in casseroles in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 30 minutes to an hour before serving.

Some kinds of cheese make the mixture thicker than others, so Peg advises: "If it's too thick, thin it with warm milk. If it's too thin, thicken it. If it's too cheesey, put in more meat. If it's too meaty, dump in more rice."

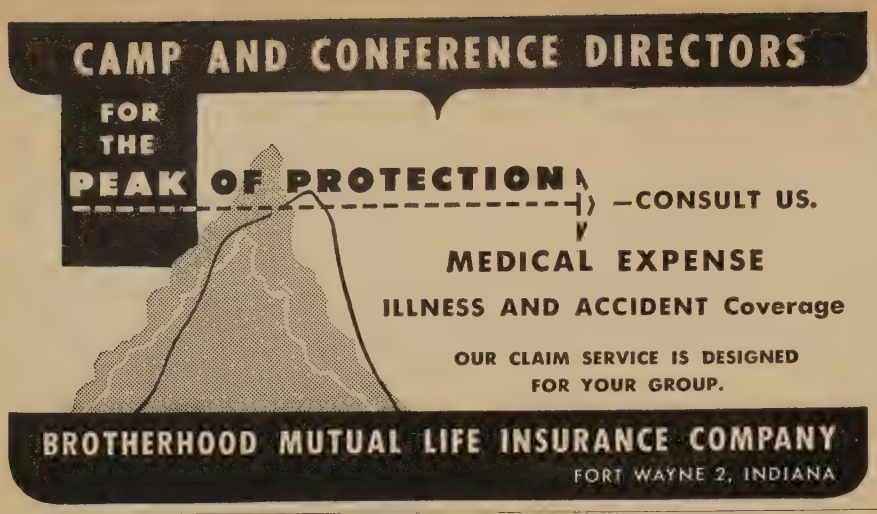
The John Street Church building dates back to 1841. The ancient gas range in the kitchen isn't that old, but a repairman called to fix the broiler door, held on with wire, did urge: "You'd better just keep the wire on it—that's the best part of the stove."

Nevertheless, Sprice was reheated in the oven by women from First Church, Astoria, N.Y. They cook and serve at John Street when they're needed, for this Methodist shrine has no members living nearby.

Now . . . I'd like to know what foods the people in your church enjoy most, and how you serve them. Let me hear from you, too, if your church would like to try out ideas that have made a hit in other churches.

Address letters to me at TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

—SALLY WESLEY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OUT OF PRINT BOOKS located. Any subject, any author. Brainard Books, Box 411, La Grange, Illinois.

DON'T DISCARD WORN HYMNALS. Mail "tired" hymnal for free rebinding sample. Engel Bindery, 322 Southwest Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.

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housing and the remainder for offices. Approximately 100 persons will be employed at the Teaneck Center.

Mr. Pierce also announced that the Publishing House's Cokesbury (retail) store in New York City will continue at 150 Fifth Avenue until a suitable location is found.

In Methodist Hall of Fame

Former Governor Robert D. Blue of Iowa and the Rev. Edwin O. Cole of Charlotte, N.C., have been named to the Methodist Hall of Fame in Philanthropy.

The citations were presented at the annual convention of the National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes. The Hall of Fame in Philanthropy was established in 1949.

Former Governor Blue was cited for his leadership as one of the founding trustees of Friendship Haven, home for older persons at Fort Dodge, Iowa, and his presidency of its board of trustees and the boards of Meth-Wick Manor, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and Methodist Manor, Storm Lake, Iowa.

Mr. Cole, a retired minister, was honored because of his concern for the aged and his contributions of time and more than $150,000 to the Methodist Home for the Aged at Charlotte, N.C.

CAMERA CLIQUE

Nighttime Rainbows: *Bet you thought a rainbow was something you could catch on film only when the sun and mist, spray, or rain were present. Generally speaking, that's so. However, when our photographer took the picture on page 44 (from* Holy Week—on an Alabama Hillside), *he caught a nighttime rainbow.*

Using fast color film, his camera set for 1/30 second at f/2, he had to shoot directly into floodlights illuminating the scene. Due to the wide aperture, the lens picked up light bouncing off the lens housing, color separated it in true prism style—and there was his built-in 'bow!

If you're interested in rainbows, backtrack to pages 34-42 of our March, 1957, issue for the article, Rainbows at Work, *by Donald Culross Peattie. It explains how they're formed and pictures eight in full color. But it's best to stick to photographing rainbows during the daytime. Hunting nocturnal 'bows is like hunting snipe —most are caught by accident!*

Here are photo credits for this issue:

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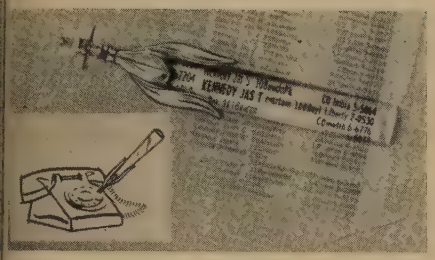

Dialer-Magnifier—Have you noticed how the print seems to get smaller each year in the phone book? That's probably why a clever someone invented this dialer-magnifier. One end magnifies 2½ times; the golden leaves end in a phone dialer; 3¾" long. $1.
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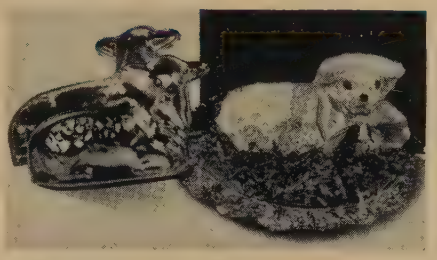

Lamb Cake—Traditional in many homes to celebrate Easter. Bake your own, and as many as your heart desires for thoughtful giving. Adapts itself to other parties, showers, birthdays, too. Use for gelatin, meat molds. Alum. molds, 11x7; recipes inc. Lamb (or bunny), $2.15.
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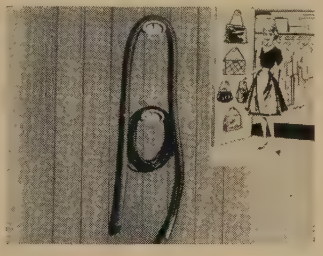

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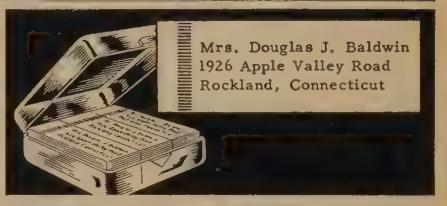

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The ancestral home was built 251 years ago by S. Van Ruckle.

Another Barbara carries on . . .

Where Barbara Heck Grew Up

IF YOU should go to Europe by air this summer, your plane probably will touch at Ireland's Shannon Airport, a regular refueling stop for many transatlantic flights. If so, and your schedule permits, you'll surely want to visit the County Limerick farm where Barbara Ruckle Heck was born in 1734. This picturesque link with American Methodism's past lies less than an hour's drive to the south, its soft mists and green fields little disturbed by the passage of time or whistling jets.

Barbara and her husband were

Tea's an old custom—but Barbara's kitchen is more modern than when Wesley sipped here.

Barbara is hostess-cook when hired hands take a break from work in the fields.

When there's farm work to be done—and there usually is—Barbara can swing a pitchfork with the best of them. Joining in are her twin brothers, Basil and Brian Ruttle.

among the Irish converts of John Wesley, Methodism's founder. When several of this group embarked for America in 1760, Philip Embury, a young carpenter who had been a preacher, was among their number. It was Barbara who, in the incident related on pages 2 and 3, persuaded Philip to resume his preaching for the colony of backsliding Methodists in New York. That event—in 1766—launched John Street Church, now in the Wall Street district [see *The Three Roots of American Methodism,* November, 1959, page 25].

Today, another Barbara is growing up in the white-stucco farm home at Ballingrane. Some say they see a family resemblance between her and portraits of her famed relative. Even her last name is pronounced the same, although the spelling has changed over the years to "Ruttle."

Barbara Ruttle, a shy, smiling lass

A stump marks the spot where John Wesley preached in the 1750s.

of 15, is fully aware of Barbara Heck's role in history. But she is content to follow the life of a typical Irish farm girl. When she isn't busy in the home, she helps with chores, tends the sheep, or strolls with her young twin brothers along the lovely Irish lane that leads to Ballingrane.

The Ruttle farm even today bears many reminders of Methodist beginnings. John Wesley once preached under a pear tree which flourished until a few years ago, and he paid Barbara Heck's young brother, Paul, six pence for blowing the cow's horn which summoned a congregation from the surrounding fields. The stump of the pear tree remains, and the old horn is a cherished relic. Today's Barbara and her family—her parents are the Walter Ruttles—worship each Sunday in the Embury-Heck Memorial Methodist Church which stands on the foundation of one built in 1795.

Visitors who go that way in County Limerick find a Methodist heritage undiminished after 200 years—one Barbara and her brothers plan to keep for generations yet to come.

Outside Embury-Heck Memorial Church, Barbara sounds the same horn that once summoned worshipers to hear Wesley.

Here reproduced life size, this jade cross commemorates two dedicated women missionaries.

Crosses of Love

TO THE CHINESE, jade represents the virtues of charity, modesty, courage, justice, and wisdom. For Wen-ti, a young student at Atkinson Academy, Soochow, these virtues were personified in two Methodist missionary teachers: Miss Virginia Atkinson, the school's founder, and Miss Mary Tarrant.

The Sermon on the Mount was one of the lessons emphasized at the academy. Seeing its truths exemplified every day, Wen-ti became a Christian. But his parents, grieved when he rejected his ancestors' religion, removed him from the classes.

Apprenticed to a jade merchant, Wen-ti became a skilled and sensitive jade artisan. Now living in the U.S., he is recognized as one of the world's foremost craftsmen.

But fame did not cause Wen-ti to forget Miss Atkinson and Miss Tarrant. As an expression of gratitude, he carved two identical jade crosses, each seven inches high. Etched in gold on the upright portion of each were the Chinese ideographs which mean "Not to be ministered unto"; and, on the crossbar, "But to minister."

One cross (illustrated at right) is now at Methodist-related LaGrange College in LaGrange, Ga., Miss Atkinson's alma mater. The other, now displayed at Camp Sumatonga, Ala., was given to the North Alabama Conference WSCS, which supported Miss Atkinson's work. It bears an inscription by Wen-ti:

"This hand-carved cross (like the farthing contributed by the widow, Mark 12:42) is given by a grateful former student...in commemoration of the long and sacrificial services of Miss Virginia M. Atkinson...(and) Miss Mary Tarrant, her successor..."

—JEANETTE MOORE

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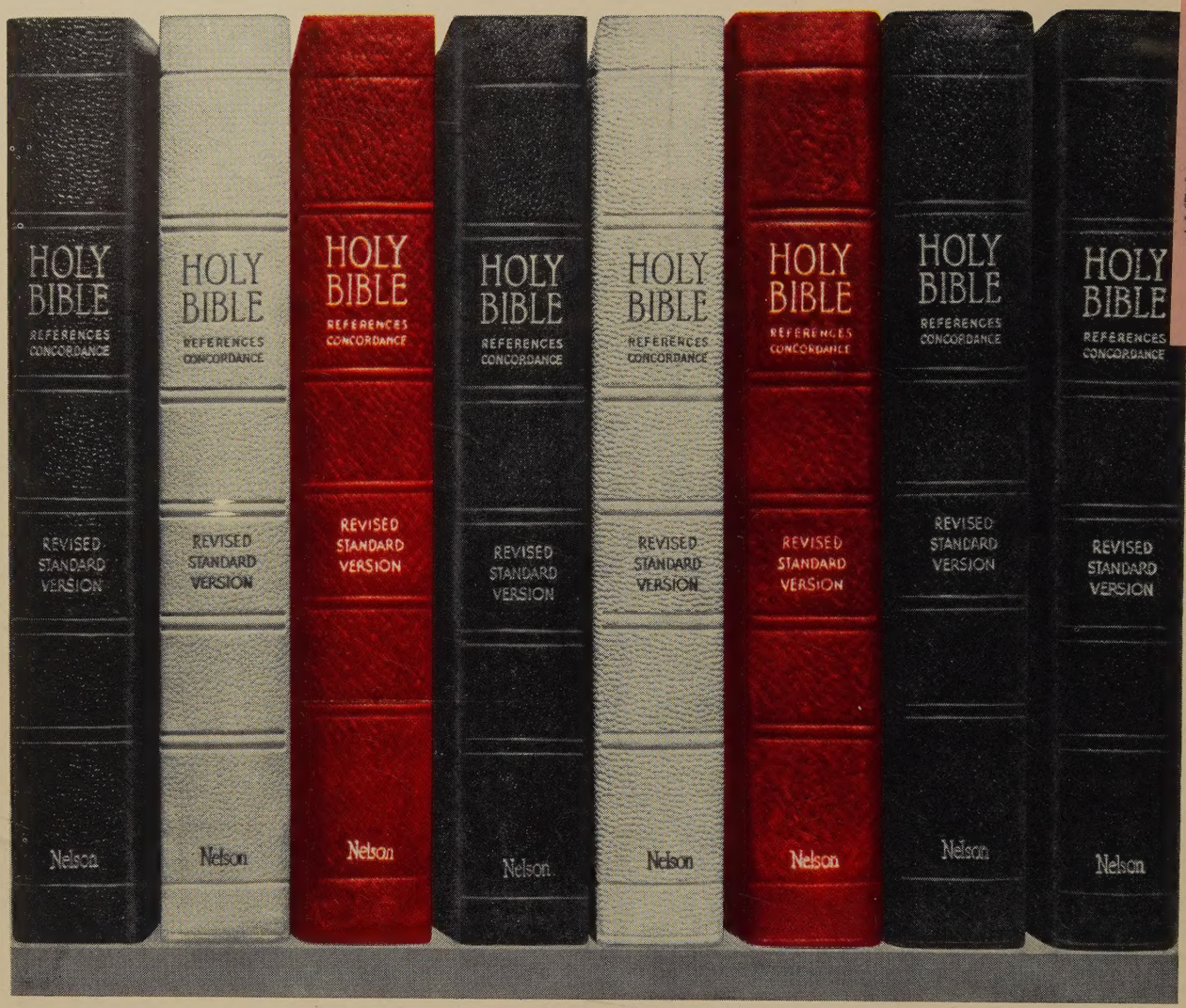

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